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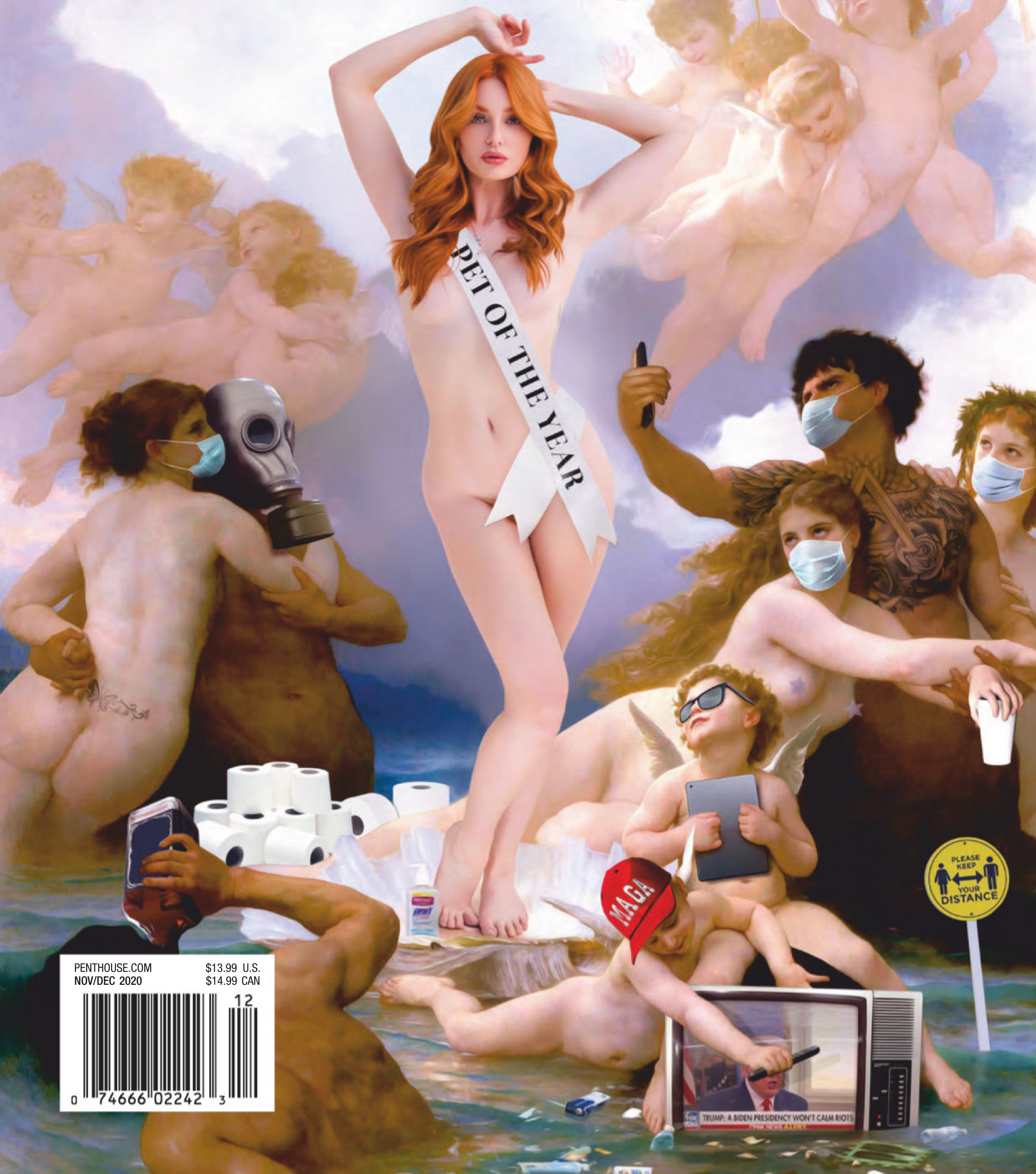
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FROM THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

WELCOME to *Penthouse*'s Pet of the Year issue!

For decades, the centerpiece—or centerfold, I should say—of our brand has been the beautiful women who grace the pages of the magazine.

While we work tirelessly to bring you the best hard-hitting editorial and an alternative spin on news and current affairs, it's fair to say you don't only read the magazine for the articles (even if that is how the old saying goes).

The stunning women who we work with, their undeniable energy and creative efforts, are what make *Penthouse...Penthouse.* Yes, without their impressive presence between our pages, we would be just another men's title like *GQ*. (No offense to *Gentleman's Quarterly*, but it's just not how we roll.)

That's what makes this issue—our annual celebration of all things Penthouse Pets—such an exciting one.

While we cherish all Pets equally, there can only be one reigning Pet of the Year. Traditionally—and to this day—the POTY has more than just good looks. She's a personal ambassador for the brand and a bridge between the pages of the magazine and its fans. It was always important that the winner was well-spoken, outgoing and an embodiment of the core Penthouse values.

Given the requirements of personality mixed with style, beauty and purpose, it should come as no surprise we've had several notable winners over the years. Anneka Di Lorenzo, POTY in 1975, went on to star as Messalina in Bob Guccione's epic magnum opus, 1979's *Caligula*. The inimitable Sheila Kennedy, POTY 1983, appeared on more *Penthouse* covers than any other girl in our history.

Many Pets of the Year have gone into mainstream acting, including 1982's Corinne Alphen; 1988's Patty Mullen; 1992's Jisele, aka Brandy Lee Ledford; 1993's Julie Strain, nicknamed Queen of the B movies and, of course, Bollywood superstar Sunny Leone, POTY 2003.

But no matter where their talents have taken them, all of our gorgeous Pets of the Year possess an undeniable charm and charisma.

This year's winner, Lacy Lennon, is no exception. We are immensely proud to have her bear the POTY torch in 2020 and continue the legacy of representing the Penthouse brand and everything it stands for.

But while this may be the Pet of the Year issue, we haven't forgotten about the articles—which is why we read it, remember? This month we've got servings of style, a report from controversial Google whistleblower Robert Epstein on the subject of Big Tech's interference in elections, and a whole host of great pieces for you to sink your teeth into.

That is, if you can tear your eyes away from the lovely Lacy Lennon, of course.

Hope you enjoy the mag,

Damien Costas

DAMIEN COSTAS
Editor-in-Chief

PENTHOUSE

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The best and worst of our readers’ fantasies for your enjoyment

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DEBRIEF

CONVICTED FELON SHOOTS A DEAD MAN, THE BUBONIC PLAGUE MAKES A COMEBACK, MYSTERIOUS SKY OBJECT THREATENS TO DESTROY US ALL

CREDIT: KEEWEEBOY

WHAT WE'VE LEARNED

Funeral Goes Off with a Bang

A CHICAGO man has been sentenced to 15 years behind bars for firing a gun into an open grave of a man who was murdered just two days prior.

Many will argue the sentence was too harsh, or perhaps they will believe it justified—especially considering the assailant's criminal record, which stretches back to the 1980s and includes multiple violent felonies.

It won't dawn on most people that maybe, just maybe, the gun-toting 57-year-old was doing humanity a great service, fighting for our very lives against the onslaught of the Vámpír menace.

Or—and this is more likely—he is batshit fucking crazy.

According to reports from the *Chicago Tribune*, Elston Stevenson attended the funeral of Murad Talib back in 2017. During the service, which was attended by at least 20 people, Elston drew a handgun and fired it directly into the open grave, remarking, "You deserved it" and "You ain't shit."

Even though nobody alive was injured, state prosecutors argued for heavy sentencing.

"When a felon brings a loaded gun to a populated area and uses the gun to threaten and endanger strangers, this conduct will not be tolerated," Assistant U.S. Attorney Cornelius A. Vandenberg argued in the government's sentencing memorandum.

"The mourners were all in the immediate vicinity of the defendant when he produced the loaded weapon and were placed in danger by the defendant's reckless firing of the weapon into the gravesite."

Regardless of which side of the ongoing debate around the criminal justice system in America you fall on, hopefully we can all agree on one thing: Carrying a firearm as a convicted felon to a funeral so you can shoot a dead man is really fucking stupid.

Even though nobody alive was injured, state prosecutors argued for heavy sentencing.

CREDIT: YSBRANDCOSIJN / COOK COUNTY SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT

FILIPINO MEN PUT THEIR COCKS ONLINE

ANOTHER remarkable story in the midst of this global catastrophe proving that not even a deadly outbreak of viral pneumonia can crush the human desire to inflict pain on animals for sport.

Cockfighting, a popular pastime for gamblers in the Philippines, was brought to a halt by restrictions imposed on public gatherings due to COVID-19. But crafty enthusiasts of the "sport" weren't going to let a pesky pandemic put a damper on their spirits, moving the events online, and in doing so, proving that technology isn't only great for pursuits like drug-running, sex-trafficking and doxing people who disagree with you on the internet, but can also be used to organize illegal blood sports. Now that's innovation.

Game fowlers match up their roosters using messenger services like Viber by sending each other pictures—or cock pics, as we like to call them—and the events are run by a small group and streamed live on Facebook or Google Meet.

Police are finding it difficult to track down the illegal gatherings due to their relatively small size and the absence of a crowd of bettors.

For anyone looking to search for these fights online, we should issue a warning first. Our attempts to verify this story by searching for "big Filipino cockfights" left us a little shaken by what we saw.

Probably best to leave it alone. It's a fowl sport anyway.

Catch the Plague with One Simple Trick!

THE year 2020 is starting to feel a bit like a game of Jumanji, and we just jumped from bat (or is it pangolin?) disease to marmot plague.

Two brothers in Mongolia contracted the old-timey disease—the same scourge that, well, "plagued" Western Europe in the 14th century—after contracting it from hunting and consuming marmot.

We *knew* abstaining from eating marmot would pay off for us eventually.

Known as the Black Death, Pestilence, the Great Mortality or simply The Plague, this devastating disease puts COVID-19 to shame. Back in its day, it took somewhere between 25 and 200 million lives.

For those of us who believe reality is some kind of simulation and 2020 is an example of what happens when the code goes rogue, you'll be delighted to discover that the region of Mongolia where the young men became ill with the bubonic plague is called Khovd. Pronounced "*KOH-VID*."

Is it a sign? Well, yes, it's a sign to stop fucking eating diseased rodents. Please.

And stop tempting fate this year. Just lay low, do nothing, and maybe 2020 won't notice us.

CREDIT: WIKIMEDIA CREATIVE COMMONS

Stop Karen on About a Name

A JOURNALIST for the *Telegraph* in the U.K. is griping over the recent internet trend to label overly opinionated, usually ignorant and usually white women as "Karens."

It's all fun and games until Karen calls the manager.

To prove she's not a Karen and, even potentially a victim here, the author opens her "thinkpiece" with the following:

"It wasn't until arriving at Oxford, where I found myself surrounded by plummy-accented Sophies and Lavinias, that I first felt the subtle impediment of my moniker."

How she thought such an obnoxious opening sentence would convince us she isn't a Karen is beyond us. She's *all* Karen.

The central premise of her article is that she feels persecuted by people on- and offline shutting her down whenever she voices her opinion. Her response was to change her name.

It's hilarious to think this woman is so thin-skinned she changed her own name because of an internet meme. Being that offended all the time, it's almost, well… Karen-like.

She continues, letting on that her husband gently chided her for rejecting the Karen title. After all, he says, she does keep a folder full of complaint letters she's written to utility providers over the years.

Stockpiling angry complaint letters, getting bitchy and entitled over an internet meme, taking offense to everything…

Lady. Karen. Let's talk. After reviewing your article, it's pretty clear that it isn't your name that makes people think you're insufferable.

ALCOHOL + KENTUCKY + ARM WRESTLING = FUN

A FATHER is in jail awaiting trial after losing to his young son in an arm-wrestling competition, which led to a shooting and an eight-hour standoff with police.

Yes, you read that right.

Authorities were dispatched from Cincinnati, Ohio, to Florence, Ky., to reports of a weapon being used in a home.

When police arrived at the scene, two family members were outside the house, unharmed, while 55-year-old Curtis Zimmerman was still inside, refusing to come out.

According to the police report, deputies at the scene learned that Zimmerman was drunk, of course, and was all sore over losing an arm-wrestling competition with his young son.

After Zimmerman's defeat in what we imagine to be an epic Rocky vs. Apollo Creed underdog battle, rather than congratulating his young offspring for his display of macho strength against an older authority figure, he grabbed his gun and started shooting it—at the roof, not the son. Allegedly.

By the time police had arrived at the scene, Zimmerman was holed up and ready to go down over the incident. Like a Hillbilly General Custer, he'd chosen this (albeit very weird) hill to die on.

It took a hostage negotiation team eight hours to coax the man from his house. When he finally surrendered, he was arrested and charged with Wanton Endangerment in the First Degree.

Just more proof that you'll find more insanity in domestic U.S. news reports than an al-Qaeda suggestion box.

JUST ANOTHER HEADLINE

AUTHORITIES are investigating the discovery of a human head found on the side of the road in St. Petersburg, Fla.

Now, without getting a*head* of ourselves here, why is it always, always, Florida? In the wake of yet another stunt from the citrus capital of America, online commenters are asking why the Sunshine State is still permitted in the Union, arguing Floridians should be booted with extreme prejudice for being too goddamned crazy. But how else would we get our yuks if it weren't for the insanity and unintentional hilarity of the Florida man?

Besides, now is not the time to lose our heads. Finding a decapitated noggin discarded on the side of the road is no laughing matter.

Local police, attempting to stay ahead of the game, are investigating, and, according to reports from Local10 news, have not said whether the victim has been identified or how they were killed—though if they want to know, we have a few ideas...

Our guess? The alligator was full by that point.

DUI: Defense Under the Influence

A TENNESSEE lawyer has been censured after he turned up to court smelling of alcohol and "acting erratically."

Kent Thomas Jones arrived late to court to defend his client, but once officials noticed the boozy smell emanating from the attorney's person, he was booted out onto the street and charged with public intoxication.

To make matters worse, his client was up for a DUI charge.

To be fair, if we're eating sushi, we don't want someone who hates raw fish preparing our food. Who better than a seemingly drunk lawyer, who presumably knows all about the perils of alcohol-impaired judgment, to argue your drunk-driving charge?

CREDIT: ANDRESR / YOUTUBE UPLOADED BY FOX 13 NEWS / TENNESSEE SUPREME COURT FROM WIKIPEDIA

Edward Poopy-Hands

JOHNNY Depp's ongoing legal stoush with ex Amber Heard is proving that even when you're rich, famous and adored, you're still only one bad breakup away from being right in the shit with the rest of us—in this case, quite literally, *in the shit*.

Depp is in the process of suing *The Sun* publisher National News Group over a headline they ran several years ago calling the former A-list Hollywood actor a "wife-beater." In a turn for the scatological, the court heard arguments over Heard's testimony that Depp attempted to spell her name in urine—no easy feat—after a fight. Depp's counter allegation claimed Heard took a "whopper poop" on the couple's bed.

We love celebrity news at *Penthouse*, especially when it involves big-name stars defecating and urinating everywhere. It's just so relatable.

Heard claimed that Depp had slapped and pushed her during the fight on a rental property in Australia where the alleged urination/defecation incidents occurred, leaving the actress with cuts and bruises. Depp denied all of her abuse charges, and she denied his claims. Estate manager Ben King confirmed the presence of cuts on Heard's arm after the fight.

The poor guy also testified that he oversaw the clean-up of the rental after the altercation. He said he was "quite sure" that there was no urine in the home, *Daily Mail* reports. "I did not see any signs of urine, and I did not smell it, as I would have done had someone urinated around the house," King said.

The dispute, which initially revolved around Depp's alleged abuse of Heard, has been turned upside down so many times, we're not even sure which way is up anymore. But we sure are enjoying the ride.

CREDIT: KARWAI TANG / SAMIR HUSSEIN / GETTY

Panera Requires Pants

CONFLICTS over mask-wearing continue in the country, with a California woman providing one of the more original justifications for refusing the public health measure.

Apparently, she won't wear a mask because they're useless to stop the spread of COVID-19, since people can still smell farts through pants.

We've got a scholar on our hands, ladies and gentlemen.

The woman in question, dubbed "Panera Karen," was filmed at a Panera Bread in Chico, with her mask in hand, refusing to comply with store rules regarding mask use.

After receiving a verbal drubbing from another customer and having security called on her by staff, the Panera Karen produced the infamous line that will surely haunt her to her grave if internet sleuths ever have their way and discover her true identity.

"You think that mask is going to protect you?" the woman says. "You fart out your ass; you can smell it out of your ass. You think that mask is going to protect you?"

Interestingly, researchers in Australia (of course) asked this very question, all the way back in 2001. The study set out to find out "whether human flatus was germ-laden, or merely malodorous." After passing wind on two Petri dishes, once with and once without pants, the daring scientists discovered that gas passed through clothing caused no bacteria to sprout (while pants-less farts did), suggesting clothing acts as a filter.

The more you know, huh? We do encourage Panera Karen to replicate this study, though, instead of a petri dish, perhaps she would volunteer to have a person sans pants let it rip directly into her face to let us know if it really is the same thing.

PABLO ES-CAT-BAR EVADES CAPTURE

THAT'S right, folks, a cat burglar was detained by paw-lice after receiving drugs from an unknown *purr*-son in a Sri Lankan prison, only to escape the long arm of the law in a daring getaway.

The feline *purr*-pertrator (yes, we're keeping this up) was found with two grams of heroin, two SIM cards and a memory chip hidden in a small plastic bag tied around its collar.

The cat isn't the only animal outlaw in Sri Lanka. Only a month prior, a cartel was caught using a trained eagle to drop drugs into a suburb in the nation's capital, Colombo. It's believed the menagerie of criminal accomplices is linked to the same underworld crime boss, Angoda Lokka, who died while hiding from police in July.

Investigators did, however, attempt to coax the cat into revealing the hiding place of its masters. The four-legged felon, however, ain't no snitch, and managed to bamboozle authorities, scampering out of its holding room and through a hole in the fence when guards came to feed it.

There are no stipulations under Sri Lankan law regarding arresting an animal, and police are not actively searching for the drug *meow*-le.

Which is a shame, do we really want a cat with a history like that on the streets?

CREDIT: YOUTIBE UPLOADED BY TYT SPORTS / © 2001 DREAMWORKS

WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS TONIGHT?
PENTHOUSE
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Mysterious Object in Sky Sparks New UFO Debate

IF plagues and killer hornet swarms weren't enough, 2020 now features suspicious floating sky objects on its list of items heralding the end of days.

The mysterious balloon-like object appeared above northern Japan in June, setting social media in the area ablaze. Online speculation on its origins ranged from UFOs to coronavirus and North Korean propaganda.

Local meteorology officials were unable to determine the origins of the foreboding reminder of our impending doom, which hung in the sky motionless above a cross, on which propellers appeared to be turning.

"We have absolutely no idea what it is," said a weather bureau spokesman, declining to give his name. "It may be some kind of weather monitoring equipment, but it definitely isn't ours."

Twitter theorists suggested the balloon could be spreading coronavirus or dropping North Korean propaganda. One user added, "This gives me a very bad feeling, as if Godzilla might suddenly appear."

Reports that the sky-balloon god was heard whispering in an alien tongue to bystanders, or that several cults have sprung up to do the object's bidding, remain unconfirmed.

We for one, would like to welcome our new balloon overlords. They couldn't possibly do a worse job than our current leaders, at any rate, and they are probably filled with less hot air.

The mysterious balloon-like object appeared above northern Japan in June, setting social media in the area ablaze.

NEWS
ROOM
TOKYO

COVIDIOTS FIND CURE FOR CORONAVIRUS

WHAT'S worse than a Florida man? Two Florida men. Or as is the case in this story, four Florida men.

Here we were thinking that the infamous Florida man was just one guy pulling the long con. There couldn't be that many crazy people in one place, right? Wrong.

Our Floridians in this story have been busted for allegedly selling a bleach-like chemical substance as a miracle COVID-19 cure—very much non-FDA-approved.

Technically speaking, however, it does work. You won't die of coronavirus if you drink bleach.

The suspects, a father and his three sons, all between the ages of 26 and 62, were charged with conspiracy to defraud the United States, conspiracy to violate the Federal Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act and criminal contempt.

As if it needed to be said (apparently it does), the FDA stated in a news release that "ingesting these products is the same as drinking bleach. Consumers should not use these products, and parents should not give these products to their children for any reason."

It wasn't that long ago that POTUS pondered aloud whether ingesting bleach may have some curative effects. It's good to see his comments may have lit an entrepreneurial spark in Florida, if it weren't for the pesky FDA getting in the way.

ACTIVATOR
MMS

CREDIT: SOURCE: KYODO NEWS / NEWSROOM TOYKO SOURCED FROM SKY.COM

MAN ARRESTED FOR PRINTING PORN IN A WALMART

JOHN Hughes, a young man from Ogden, Utah, has been arrested on third-degree felony charges for allegedly printing pornographic images in a Walmart photo center.

Of course, it's the Beehive State, a unique place in the United States due to the fact it simultaneously holds some of the strictest and most conservative views regarding pornography and its distribution (the 22-year-old man in question is facing distribution charges for his alleged actions), as well as holding the No. 1 rank in the country for online pornography consumption. Says a lot about you, Utah, and nothing good.

The best thing about this story, however, is the young man's reason for his supposed pornographic endeavor. According to official reports, Hughes admitted to printing the images so that he could "send it to the homies who were locked up."

This man isn't a criminal—he's a goddamned hero.

Now, with strict laws in Utah around the distribution of porn, you might be wondering: How do Internet Service Providers bring the plethora of online explicit material to the good people of the Mormon State? Well, here's a little tip for anyone else in the SLC area looking to get X-rated stuff out to the people: Don't do it in Walmart.

Sincerely, we hope this man gets off, in more ways than one.

Woman Hires Hitman from Fake Site

THE internet is a weird, wonderful and occasionally scary place, where you can view, buy and share pretty much anything you could think of. Yes, even hitmen. It's long been known that contract killers can be hired online to do your bidding in the real world.

Just not from a site called rentahitman.com, which is exactly where cops say Michigan woman Wendy Wein, 51, went to place a hit on her ex-husband.

The site, which is clearly fake, or perhaps intentionally designed to lure in morons, reported Wein to police after she allegedly completed a service request form and identified her ex as the target of her problems.

State police began an investigation and had a state trooper go undercover as a hitman and meet Wein in a South Rockwood car park.

"She offered to pay him $5,000 to murder her ex-husband, who lives in another state, and provided him with an up-front payment for travel expenses," state police said.

We hate to say it, but this could only happen to a technologically deficient boob. We are stuck with the image of Wein sitting in her living room, yelling at her Google Home device, "OK. Google, how do I kill Gary and order pizza?"

People like Wendy Wein are the reason Nigerian prince scammers are still a thing. How anyone thought murder-for-hire would be the same as shopping for a new pair of shoes is bafflingly dumb, which is, perhaps, the real crime here.

NBA Players Can't Survive Without Sex

FANS may be frustrated by interruptions to regular sports broadcasting schedules this year, but a different kind of frustration is befalling players.

According to Stephen A. Smith, NBA players who are currently being forced to live, train and play in a coronavirus-free "bubble" in Walt Disney World, won't be willing to follow the guidelines restricting guests of players—including family and friends—from entering the bubble until the second round of the playoffs.

"You really think people are going to be without their wives or their woman...you think they're honoring a bubble for three months?" he argued.

"Forget three months, they're going to struggle with three weeks!"

Indeed, according to reports, Anna Mya, an Instagram model with nearly 18,000 followers was invited inside within two weeks of the bubble being established. Further, already two players have been forced into quarantine for crossing the bubble's boundary lines to get food and two more have tested positive for coronavirus since arriving.

The Disney bubble was designed to get the furloughed NBA season restarted, but if these reports are anything to go by, it might be over before it even begins.

CREDIT: ANNA MAY/ SOURCE: SQUARE ENIX[A]

GET THE PICTURE

THIS incredible image was taken at the majestic Fjallsárlón glacial lagoon in Iceland by photographer Corwin Prescott. At this stunning spot, hidden off the beaten track, shimmering icebergs that have been carved from the edge of the glacier float upon still turquoise waters, surrounded by untouched nature, while Iceland's tallest volcano, the Öræfajökull glacier, looms above the lagoon and reaches down to the water where the blue-tinted icebergs break off into the lake and drift away before melting. Fjallsárlón might not be one of Iceland's most familiar lagoons to tourists, but judging by this shot of Penthouse Pet Nicole Vaunt reclining on an iceberg, it clearly offers the best views.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CORWIN PRESCOTT

OLIVIA NORTH

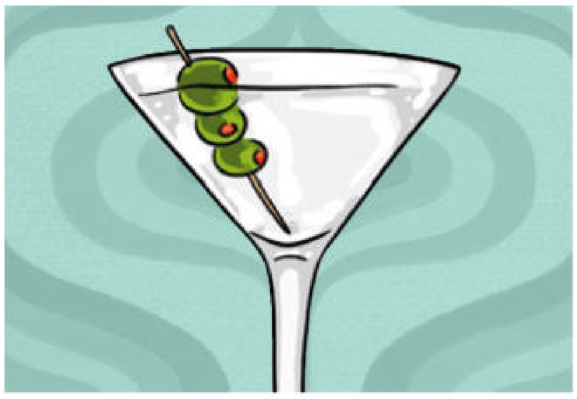
FOLLOW @OLIVIANORTHSTAR

NOTHING'S out of bounds for the smoking-hot, unstoppable creative force that is Olivia Northstar. The full-time model and photographer from California says her drive to make art is inspired by an unapologetic celebration of sexual freedom and exploration—and a rejection of the conservative. Olivia says she is particularly passionate about "sex, relationships and polyamory theory" and feels her sexiest "in vintage lingerie and on a leash." The sexual explorer also produces a no-holes-barred podcast about sex and relationships called *Sex With Friends* and is currently studying to be a certified sex therapist. When asked her No. 1 seduction tip, Olivia told Penthouse, "Be yourself. Vulnerability and honesty are the biggest turn-on." Well, then it's a good time to confess we're crushing on Olivia.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DUSTIN HOLLYWOOD

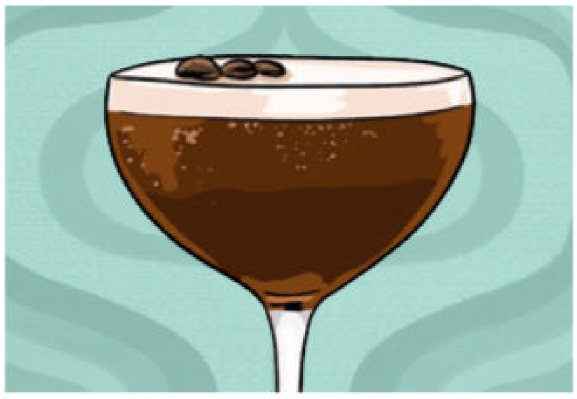
Mixology Etymology

HOW SOME WELL-KNOWN COCKTAILS GOT THEIR NAMES



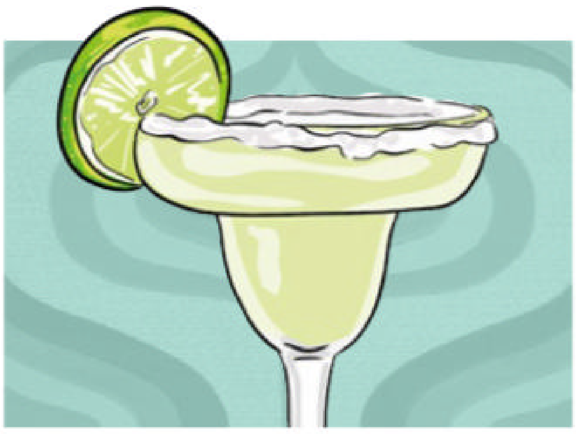
Martini

Named in 1886, either after Italian vermouth company Martini & Rossi or after the Martinez cocktail.



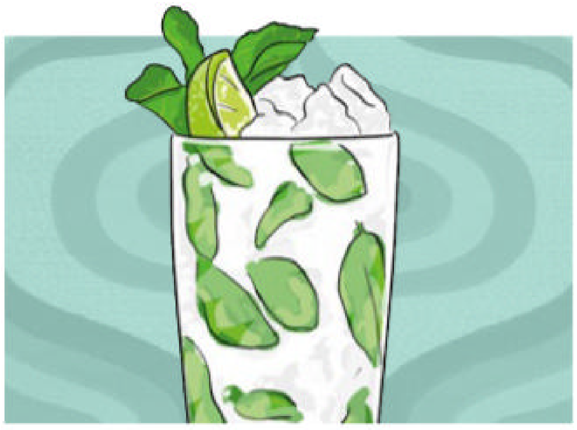
Espresso Martini

Invented in 1983, it was orginally christened the Vodka Espresso but later changed in the ’90s to suit the fashions of the time.



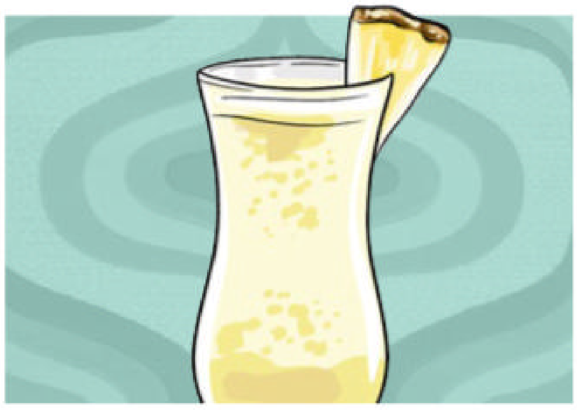
Margarita

A Spanish nickname, either for film actress Marjorie King or for wealthy Texan socialite Margaret Sames.



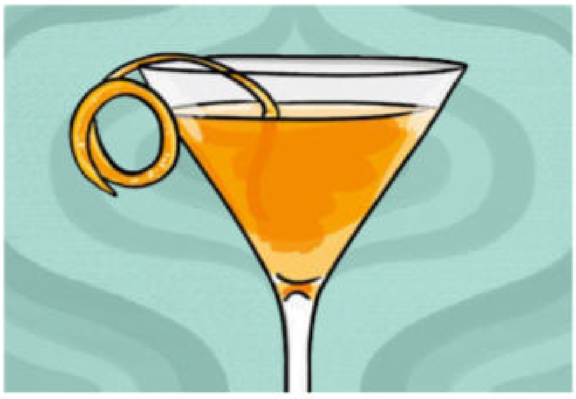
Mojito

A 1946 borrowing from Cuban-Spanish *mojo*, meaning “sauce.” That’s from the verb *mojar*, “to moisten.”



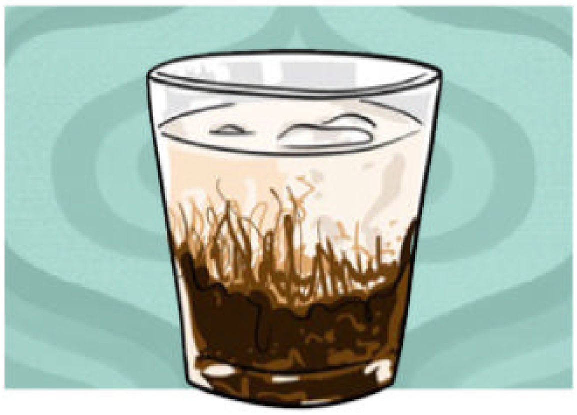
Piña Colada

Means “strained pineapple” in Spanish. Traces to the Latin roots *pinea* (“pineapple”) and *colare* (“to strain”).



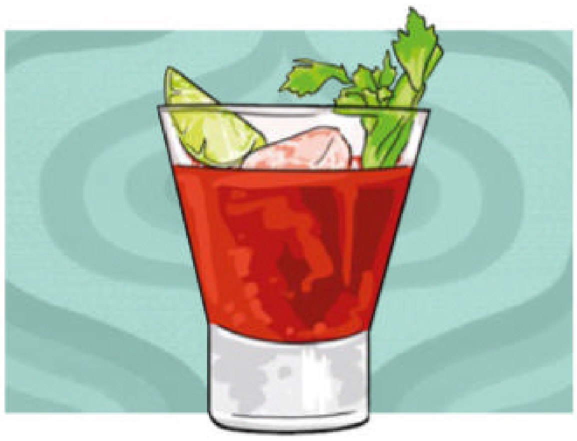
Sidecar

The word was previously used to refer to shot glasses that bartenders poured their excess liquor into.



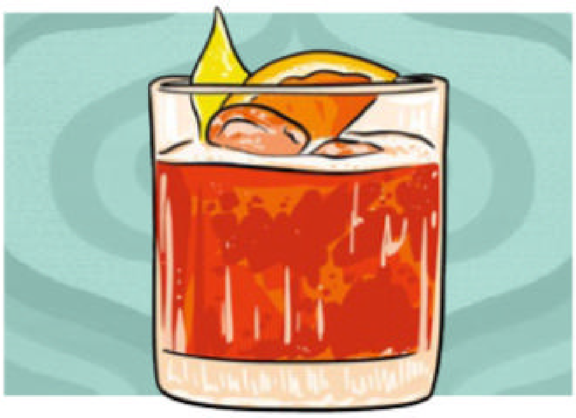
White Russian

Named after Russia because of vodka being associated with the country. The white part refers to the use of cream.



Bloody Mary

Named after either Queen Mary I of England or a waitress who worked in a bar called the Bucket of Blood.



Negroni

Invented in 1919 when an Italian count named Camillo Negroni asked for a stronger version of the Americano.

SOURCE: @ETYMOLOGYNERD ILLUSTRATIONS BY AMIE WEE

WASHINGTON
NATIONALS
Washington
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CREDIT: POOL / GETTY

MOTM

ANTHONY FAUCI

BY BEN POBJIE

IT'S the American Dream: Impoverished European immigrants travel to the United States for a better life, and their grandson becomes world-famous long after they're dead. What could be more inspirational? Growing up in Brooklyn, little Anthony Fauci, descendant of those brave Italian pioneers, was inspired by the work of his father, a pharmacist. Seeing hard-working old dad whip up remedies to cure what ailed the sickly of New York, Anthony bethought himself, "What if, when I grow up, I could cure what ailed the *whole country*?" It was then that the youngster decided to become an immunologist—or at least to find out what an immunologist was.

As a young man, Fauci took a position as a clinical associate in the Laboratory of Clinical Investigation at the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases. That was in 1968, and at time of writing in 2020, allergies and infectious diseases still, according to most reputable reports, exist. Because of this, many consider Fauci has failed in his mission to wipe disease from the face of the Earth. However, numerous other good judges believe he's done OK, given that, all in all, eradicating all known disease is a pretty big ask.

In particular, it is said that Fauci has been one of the leading lights in developing understanding of regulation of the human immune response. In other words, he's revealed much about the ways in which the human body fights disease on its own, which just proves what a great American he is. For what better sums up the American spirit than the idea of a sick body pulling itself up by its bootstraps and fighting off its illness—just as the Minutemen fought off the hated British? Dr. Fauci understood instinctively that white blood cells are the entrepreneurs of the body, and he has worked for a lifetime to help them be all they can be, cutting the red tape that holds back so many promising immune responses.

Some of Fauci's most notable work was done during the AIDS epidemic of the 1980s, when despite working for President Ronald Reagan, he maintained consistently that AIDS was a thing. He came in for criticism from those who disagreed with the government's approach to the crisis, being dubbed an "incompetent idiot" by activist Larry Kramer. Yet years later, Kramer would come to say Fauci was "the only true and great hero" of government officials during the epidemic. This proves a very pertinent fact: Larry Kramer was an extremely indecisive man. Also, Fauci was pretty good at doctoring.

In more recent times, Dr. Fauci has, of course, become well-known for his role on the White House Coronavirus Task Force, the body established by President Donald Trump to determine whether keeping people alive is the best response to COVID-19, or whether a less life-centric approach is maximal. Fauci has worked tirelessly to fight the scourge of the coronavirus, despite the fact that he is turning 80 this year and should really be in bed.

> **For what better sums up the American spirit than the idea of a sick body pulling itself up by its bootstraps and fighting off its illness—just as the Minutemen fought off the hated British?**

In his current job, Fauci has been subjected to harsh criticism from many quarters, including not only conspiracy nuts with Twitter accounts, but conspiracy nuts with Twitter accounts and jobs at the White House. Yet he has never wavered in his determination to prove to the world that coronavirus is not only real, but not a great thing to get. As a man who has gone to college, read a hell of a lot of books, and looked through microscopes at nasty little things that live in our bodies, it might be wise to take his word for it.

But even if you disagree with Fauci's controversial "curing disease" model of modern medicine, one can't help but admire the persistence and drive that brought fame and fortune to a humble kid from Brooklyn who saw his father dish out pills and thought, *The sky's the limit.*

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MUSIC

DANCE LIKE NO ONE'S WATCHING

BY CHRIS FLYNN

THE first concert I ever attended was in Belfast, when I was 14. I saw Magnum, a soft rock band from the 1980s. They had big hair and blasted out power ballads about unrequited love. I assumed everyone would stand politely, nodding and singing along, so I wore my best outfit. Slip-on red shoes, white socks, checked golf slacks, a white T-shirt and a cream linen suit jacket with the sleeves rolled up, so I would look like Crockett from *Miami Vice*.

I miscalculated, badly. Everyone wore black jeans, cowboy boots and leather jackets. The crowd shoved and spat on each other like punk rockers. Ruined my best thrift-shop duds. But it was all good fun! Years later, I cavorted in the filth each Australian summer at bush doofs like Earthcore and Rainbow Serpent, off my face on Ecstasy and lost in the K-hole. Everyone hugged and snogged and got stinky. Remember? Remember how amazing live music was?

I hope you do, because that shit is deader than Elvis. Or is it? The music industry was one of the first to be affected by the worldwide ban on mass gatherings and is likely to be one of the last restored. State and federal governments in Australia have had a chip on their shoulders concerning music festivals for some time now, with increasingly draconian crackdowns on volume, druggy behavior and, in the case of New South Wales's boys in blue, a fucked-up tendency to strip-search minors.

All of which means they won't exactly be champing at the bit to green-light musicians hitting the festival circuit. Which is unfortunate for musicians, who, with internet piracy the norm, have come to rely heavily on touring as a primary source of income.

"The only real challenge for me was [the absence of] the energy from a mosh pit. But the car horns, the flashing headlights, that was crazy cool."

Still, some canny operators are working out how to play concerts without breaking any coronavirus restriction rules. On May 14, Keith Urban played to 200 people inside 125 vehicles at the Stardust Drive-In Theatre in Watertown, Tenn.

"I'm grateful that we have the technology to do 'at home' concerts but come on," Urban said. "Without the audience it's just one long soundcheck."

Keith blasted his hits quietly from the safety of a flatbed truck, with the music piped through FM radios inside the cars.

"The only real challenge for me was [the absence of] the energy from a mosh pit. But the car horns, the flashing headlights, that was crazy cool."

Drive-in concerts are planned across Europe and America for the rest of this year, but with numbers and pricing options limited, it's hardly going to make bank for the artists.

Australia might provide the solution. With a virus-free post-corona environment entirely possible Down Under, might international artists be tempted to relocate to Oz and New Zealand for a year? While the northern hemisphere suffers under an unstable pandemic, race riots, protests and a divisive U.S. election this winter, Australians will be enjoying a summer season where we can mingle our fluids freely and with wild abandon. Combine that with the fact that Aussies won't be able to travel overseas on holiday and the appetite for live music will be staggering.

Those artists who do manage to tour will sell out gigs in record time. Festivals—if they go ahead—will be packed to the gills with revelers seeking the hedonistic joy of live performance. As fate would have it, Australia is being presented with the opportunity to become the world's leading (and only) stage for live music. So come on, Beyoncé, Timberlake, Kanye, Post Malone, Billie Eilish, Rihanna, Gaga, Drake, Daft Punk and everyone else—post-corona Australia is waiting.

FILM

Breaking Good

BY SIMON FENECH

FOR seven years, the only TVs I saw were the ones offered to me in exchange for ice, as we call it in Australia, or crystal meth, as it's known around the world. When you are in the relentless grip of this drug, leisure time doesn't exist. The only thing that matters is where your next puff is coming from.

I became addicted to ice just when *Breaking Bad* was coming out. As I started to deal more and more, a few people mentioned the similarities between me and Walter White, the lead character in the series—a family man turned bad. But Walter White became motivated by greed alone—I just needed to pay for a $1,000-a-day habit. If I saw any episodes of *Breaking Bad* during those lost years, I don't remember. But I watched it when I came out of prison, safe in the knowledge that my story would end much more happily than Heisenberg's. That's why my book is called *Breaking Good*.

While *Breaking Bad* is obviously fictional and dramatized, the Australian series *Underbelly* is much more true to life. When I got sucked into a life of crime, I would hear stories about the actions of Carl Williams, Mick Gatto or Lewis Moran, the kingpins of the Melbourne underworld. At the time, I thought it was the typical meth-fuelled bullshit that I heard every day. Then, when I watched the series, I realized it had all been true. I even knew some of the characters from my kickboxing days and once fought on the same card as Benji Veniamin. Who knows? Some of these guys could have been pulling the strings when I was shot and stabbed in my factory. My co-author of *Breaking Good* thinks we should create a TV series around my story and, considering my frame, suggested we call it *Overbelly*. No one likes a wise guy!

Before I tried meth for the first time, I was drawn—perhaps tellingly—to films about addiction to money and power. *Scarface* was my favorite. Al Pacino's character, Tony Montana, rises from being a Cuban refugee with nothing to a powerful drug lord. I'll never forget that final scene where, having been shot, Montana's corpse falls into a fountain in front of a statue bearing the message: "The world is yours."

More recently, I enjoyed the *John Wick* films, *American Made* with Tom Cruise and the TV series *Sons of Anarchy*. I may have left the world of bikies, drugs, guns and women behind, but that outlaw lifestyle will always be fascinating.

And I also enjoyed the Netflix series *Inside the World's Toughest Prisons*. I know presenter Raphael Rowe, and I take my hat off to him for going into these places voluntarily, having been wrongly imprisoned himself. The series shows the massive range of ways that countries approach their penal systems. Norway, for instance, is all about rehabilitation. Russia and the U.S. are more about out-and-out punishment. But in countries like Brazil or Colombia, the prisons are almost like self-enclosed cities, with the hierarchy built around control of the black market. I found prison to be hell on earth, but Australia's prisons are like palaces in comparison.

Who knows? Some of these guys could have been pulling the strings when I was shot and stabbed in my factory.

If I was to recommend a show that warns people away from crystal meth? That's got to be Netflix's *Tiger King*. Some crazy shit happens when this drug takes control. ❶

Simon Fenech is the author of Breaking Good: A harrowing journey to ice-fuelled hell and back (*Echo Publishing, $29.99*). *Now available at all good bookstores.*

CREDIT: GAVIN MORRISON

TECH

THE FUCKABILITY RATING

BY CHRIS FLYNN

AS THE invisible specter of COVID-19 loomed, governments the world over were pretty united in the belief that a surefire way to combat the virus was to download, install and run a contact tracing app. In Australia's case it's COVIDSafe, whereas the French have StopCovid. In India it's Aarogya Setu, the Italians have Immuni and even our friends in North Macedonia got in on the act, with cool-sounding rejected high school band name StopKorona!

It took about five minutes for most concerned citizens to say, hold on, aren't these just surveillance bots designed to track our every move and find out who we're conspiring with? "No," came the cry, "we would never! We'll take care of your data and promise not to share it with the FBI, Facebook or your local nightclub bouncer, honest!"

As of June 1, 2020, 6.13 million Australians had downloaded COVIDSafe. With a population of roughly 25 million, 80 percent of whom own smartphones, that's about a 30 percent uptake.

Obviously, there were technical issues—the bloody thing didn't work very well, especially on older iPhones, Bluetooth had to be switched on while you were out and about, and the app had to be running in the foreground. Not to mention the inconvenient modeling conducted by the University of Oxford, which showed 80 percent of smartphone users would have to be using the app for it to be remotely effective in curtailing viral spread.

China's COVID app openly mines all sorts of data from its citizens, who must swipe their phones to enter offices, restaurants, parks and malls. Their travel history and retail purchases are tracked, so rulebreakers can be identified and bundled into the back of a Hi-Ace. A green light upon swiping means you're in good health. Yellow is uh-oh, best hightail it back to the bachelor pad. Red results in the aforementioned police van abruptly turning up and a subsequent bop on the noggin. Goodnight, sweet prince.

> **"Why risk touching anyone's unmentionables before they've been exhaustively analyzed, cleansed and rubber-stamped by the government?"**

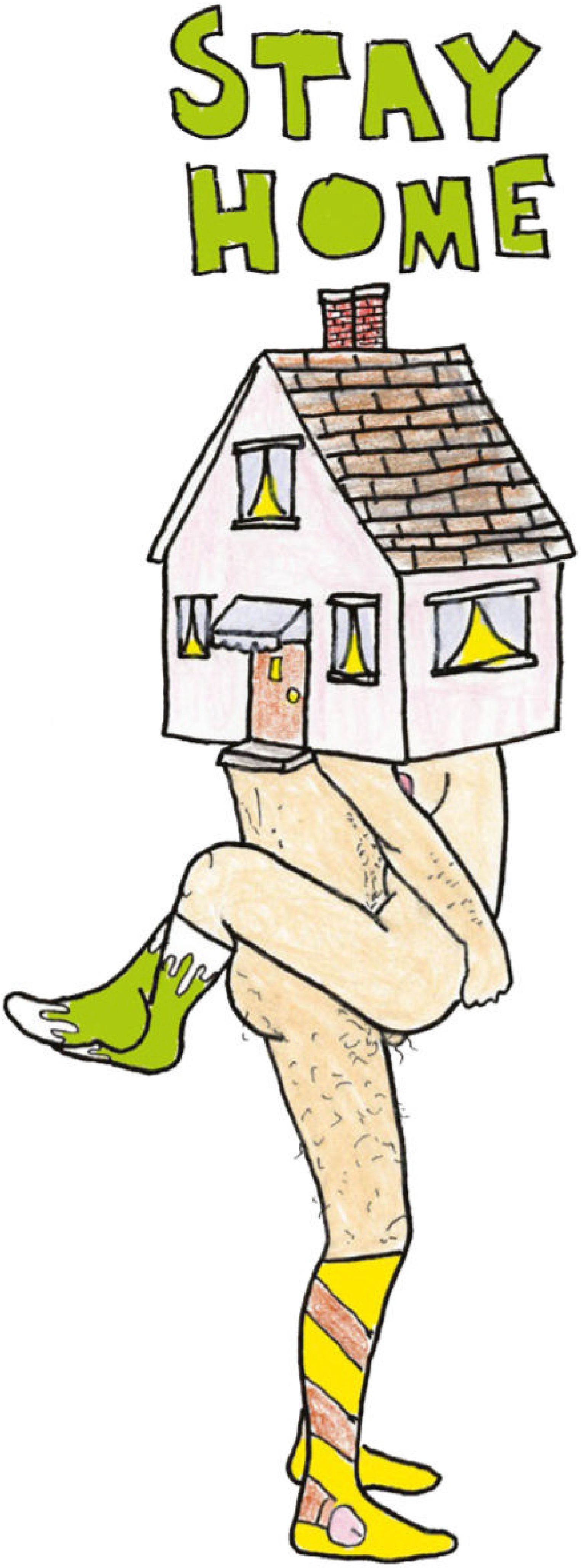
With rumors abounding of tracing apps being repurposed to log and track other health issues, you have to worry how far Big Brother is willing to go in order to control our every thought, product choice and questionable sexual decision. Got a sniffle? Yellow light. Bought a non-fair-trade cappuccino? Yellow light. Urinary tract infection after a boozy night out in the city? Red light, red light!

In Gary Shteyngart's 2010 book *Super Sad True Love Story*, characters in near-future U.S.A. (in debt to China, run by mad President Cortez) carry an apparat, a phone-like device that projects a hologram over their head at all times. This number, from one to eight hundred, is the individual's fuckability rating, worked out from their general hotness, sexual health, income bracket, style and purchasing history.

Is this where we're headed? Tinder and COVIDSafe joining forces to launch GONADSafe? Why risk touching anyone's unmentionables before they've been exhaustively analyzed, cleansed and rubber-stamped by the government? How about a dating app that reveals specific details about a user's sexual history, including names and numbers of everyone they've ever bumped, STDs, penis sizes and pubic hairstyle choices?

In the post-corona world, where hygiene practices have turned everyone paranoid and populations have been convinced that surveillance apps are necessary in order to keep everyone safe (rat on your friends and receive frequent flyer points!) only those who are beautiful, government-sanctioned sanitized and wealthy will get laid. For the rest of us, it will be a succession of red flashing lights and Chaturbate marathons. Boomer flu will be the least of our problems.

CREDIT: ISTOCKPHOTO/ TERO VESALAINEN



Porous Walker

SPORT

The Next Dance

BY ROB PEGLEY

IF YOU haven't watched *The Last Dance* yet, then are you even a sports fan? The Netflix 10-part docuseries, which revisits Michael Jordan and the Chicago Bulls' six championship wins of the '90s, is the best sports documentary in over 20 years and has reinvigorated the genre. So what do we want to see next?

The Last Over
That final over of the 1999 Cricket World Cup semi-final between Australia and South Africa is worth its own doco. The cricketing *Last Dance*, if you will. Every good documentary needs to build toward a moment of supreme drama, which is underpinned by numerous backstories, historical threads and big characters—this has it all. Gilchrist, Ponting, Lehmann, Bevan, the Waugh brothers, Warne, McGrath—was there ever a better one-day team, with more characters? Kallis, Cronje, Rhodes, Pollock—South Africa had their big names, too. The Saffers entered that final over at 205/9 and needing nine runs to win. Run out on the fourth ball, the game was a draw and the Aussies progressed. A story within a story—this would be compelling drama.

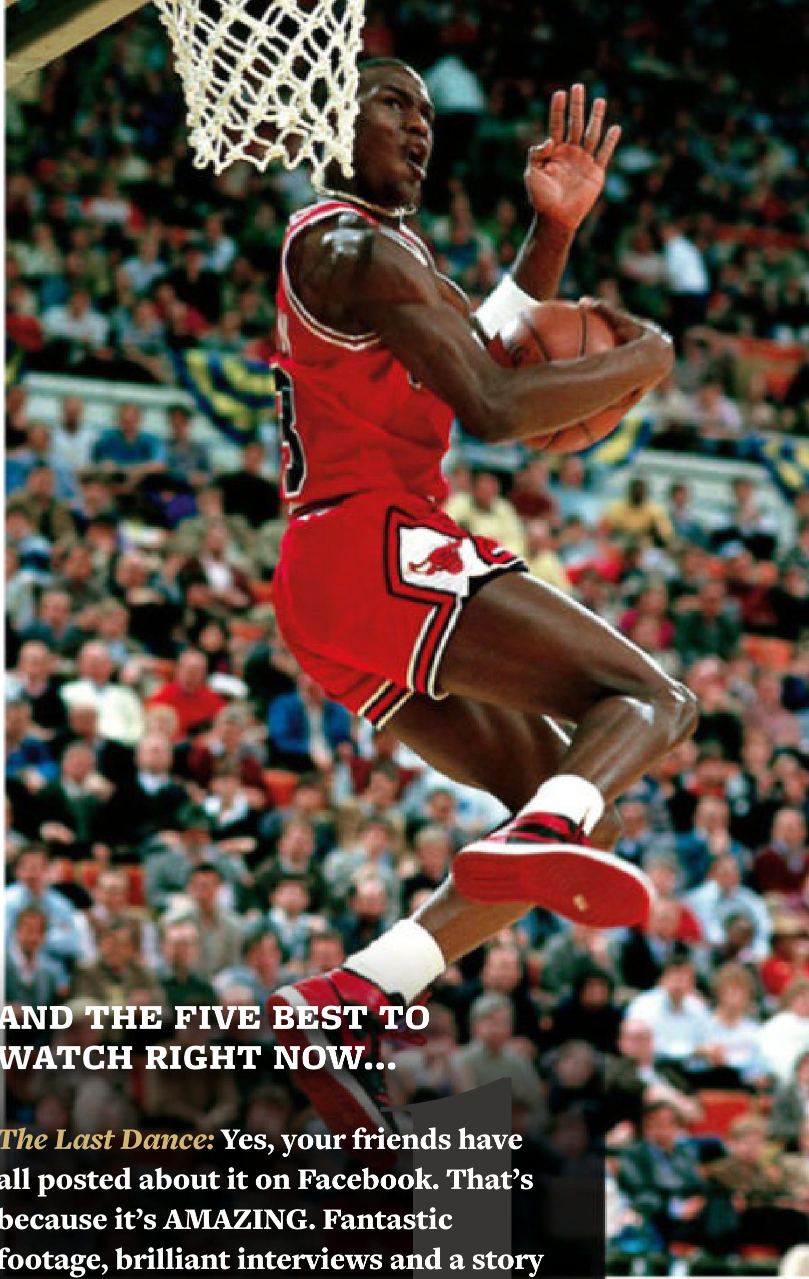
> **"Ideally, the team behind *Senna*, *Diego Maradona* and *Amy* could get their hands on it and capture lightning in a bottle once again."**

Two Tribes: The Super League War
It's time for the definitive story of how the Australian rugby league was changed forever. It has it all: nostalgia, terrible haircuts, big business skullduggery, Packer and Murdoch, working-class sports stories and a great soundtrack. The dust has long settled, and people would be happy to tell their stories now. Cash in brown paper envelopes, ridiculous mullets, all played out to Silverchair and You Am I hits. Maybe a clandestine meeting recounted, while backed by Kylie Minogue's "Confide in Me." Bring on the Johns brothers, Phil Gould and some cracking yarns.

180: The Story of Darts in the '80s
Eric Bristow, Jocky Wilson, John Lowe, Bobby George...somehow in the 1980s, a bunch of fat, poorly dressed boozers became a huge sporting hit on TV. Red-eyed and swaying, with their potbellies hanging out of silk bowling shirts, these unlikely celebrities created compelling viewing. Surely there had to be a thousand stories behind what happened onstage. Bristow and Jocky both died early, but someone should make this quick while a couple of them are still around. If the series went well, then snooker in the '80s would be next.

The Fastest Men on Earth
From Jesse Owens to Ben Johnson, Carl Lewis to Usain Bolt, the winner of the Olympic 100m Final has always had a big story. The breaking of the 10-second barrier in the late '60s, Harold Abrahams of *Chariots of Fire* fame in the '20s—this could be another 10-parter on Netflix with the story behind every race. Each episode would start by simply showing the full race, all 10 quick seconds of it.

No love lost: Borg vs. McEnroe
There have been a few things done on these two, but never something definitive. Ideally, the team behind *Senna*, *Diego Maradona* and *Amy* could get their hands on it and capture lightning in a bottle once again. Get the two old foes together to talk and then revel in the faded footage of the Fila- and Tacchini-clad rivals going at it in their very different styles. ❶



AND THE FIVE BEST TO WATCH RIGHT NOW...

The Last Dance: **Yes, your friends have all posted about it on Facebook. That's because it's AMAZING. Fantastic footage, brilliant interviews and a story well worth visiting.**

When We Were Kings: **The Oscar-winning documentary that was years in the making and very possibly the best sports movie of all time. Don King, James Brown and Ali—it was always going to be pretty sensational.**

Senna: **Whether you're a fan of Formula One or not, you can't help but be moved by this fascinating portrait of an artist. As much about an approach to life and philosophy as any sporting prowess, it's an incredible film.**

The Class of '92: **Giggs, Beckham, Scholes, Butt and the Neville brothers; this tells the story of how six Manchester youth players grew up together, guiding Manchester United to their Champions League win of 1999. A Britpop/Madchester soundtrack, Becks' various haircuts and some laugh-out-loud training ground anecdotes. Great fun, warm and uplifting.**

Hoop Dreams: **The incredible, award-winning story of two Chicago kids following their dreams of becoming professional basketball players. A game-changer for sports documentaries.**

CREDIT: NBA.COM

CREDIT: CAPTURED FROM PS4 PRO

GAMING

Why Video Games Struggle With Sex

BY IAN MILES CHEONG

VIDEO games have come a long way since the days of *Wolfenstein 3D*, pushing visual fidelity from two-dimensional sprites to the unparalleled graphical realism of *Red Dead Redemption 2*.

Even as video games become more visceral in their display of violence, little to no effort has been paid to the presentation of sexuality—a topic that remains taboo, at least in the mainstream. It would be as if cinema offered only movies like *Saving Private Ryan* and *No Country for Old Men*, but nothing to the likes of *Risky Business* or *Fifty Shades of Grey*.

Video games have come far, but there is farther still for them to go. And the only games to push the boundaries (in terms of sex) are independent titles on Steam and a handful of visual novels out of Japan.

So why is that? What is it about sexuality that makes mainstream developers avoid the topic entirely?

As an entertainment medium, video games are just that—they're games. Like board games and sports, they're rooted in winning and losing and the accumulation of some form of high score. You can't "win" or "lose" at sex, and the idea of distilling sexuality down into a game with points would make the whole exercise pornographic—and pornography just doesn't sit well with publishers and mainstream platforms. After all, you're not going to find a Rocco Siffredi movie on Netflix, much less at a movie theater.

Beyond that, porn games have always existed, so that isn't the issue. The issue is that games just don't approach sexuality in the same way they do violence—for the very same reason that games often struggle with storytelling.

Video games are not a storytelling medium, but they can be, just as games like *L.A. Noire* and *Detroit: Become Human* have shown. But even with those titles, there just isn't sex in there, and the reason for that is simple: sex scenes, especially interactive ones, are hard (pardon the pun) to properly depict.

Should they be interactive or passive? You could make a quick-time event out of it like *Dance Dance Revolution*, and have players mash the necessary buttons to coincide with what's happening onscreen, but players might as well be watching a cutscene. Plus, that'd be kind of weird.

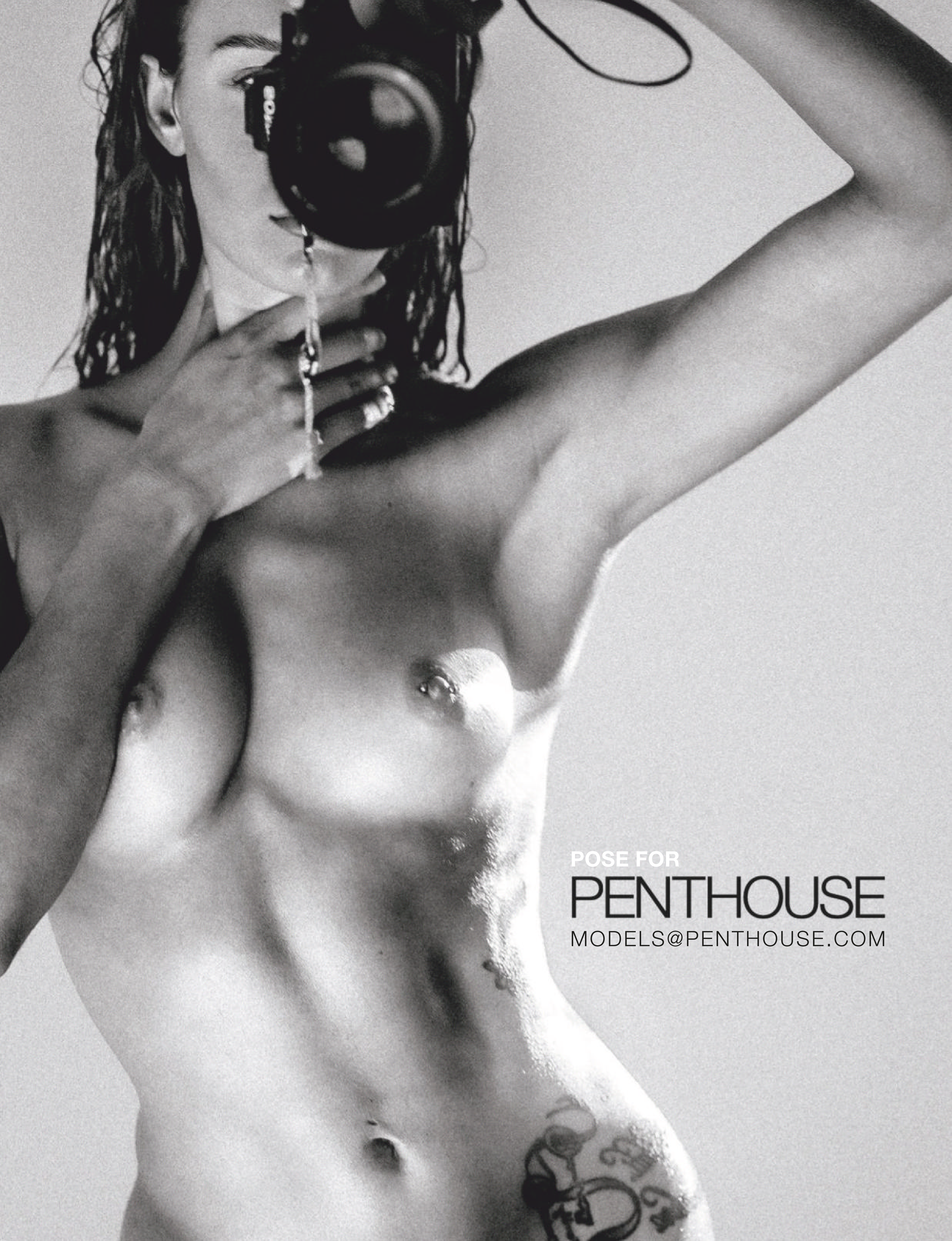
But even if you have all of that figured out, it doesn't even get into the creation of a video game sex scene.

First, you need to performance-capture the actors. A pair (or more) of people have to be willing to get down and simulate sex. Given that most actors have an unwillingness to even strip down for the camera, game developers are going to be hard-pressed to find ones willing to simulate full sexual intercourse.

And second, the sex would have to fit the scope of the game's story. This can, of course, be done. But in the times it's been tried—in *Mass Effect*, *Dragon Age*, and most recently in *The Last of Us Part II*, the results have been nothing short of cringe-inducing, even to the point where gamers have been taking scenes from the game out of context and turning it into Twitter memes. But for all the mockery *The Last of Us Part II* has been getting for its sex scenes, it still deserves credit for the attempt.

In summation, you won't find a lot of sex in video games not simply because it's taboo, but because—for the most part—it doesn't fit into the scope of the game, and the effort to insert sex scenes into the narrative ends up detracting from it in some way.

But much like sex (and playing video games), the more you do it, the better you get at it—and game developers could stand to figure out how to make these interactive experiences just as good as they are at depicting violence and death, if only they'd stop being so damn shy about it.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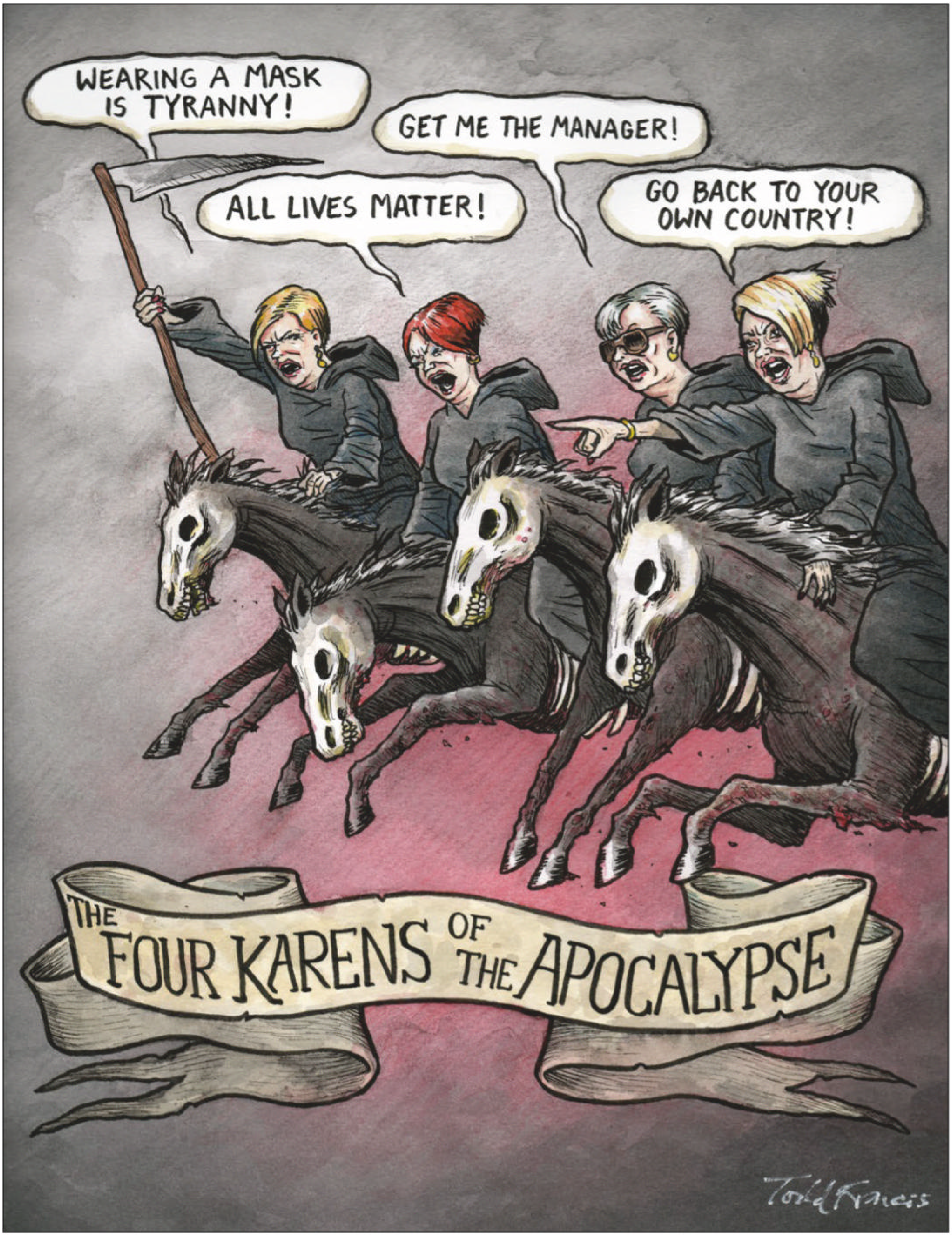
WEARING A MASK IS TYRANNY!
GET ME THE MANAGER!
ALL LIVES MATTER!
GO BACK TO YOUR OWN COUNTRY!
THE FOUR KARENS OF THE APOCALYPSE
Todd Francis

PET OF THE YEAR RUNNER-UP

POOLSIDE BEAUTY

EMILY WILLIS

PHOTOGRAPHER
GERALD DE BEHR

NATURAL stunner Emily Willis has captured more than fans' attention with her beguiling smile and beautiful body—she's also snagged the title of Pet of the Year Runner-Up! Since she was named Penthouse Pet in May 2019, the 21-year-old Utah native has been busy performing for the camera. But she also has ambitions to launch a website and direct and produce her own sexy scenes to let "fans see my creative side." Emily says she's "happy and honored" to be named POTY Runner-Up and is looking forward to another "awesome year of doing new things!"

TWITTER: **@EmilyWillisxoxo**
INSTAGRAM: **@EmilyWillisx3**

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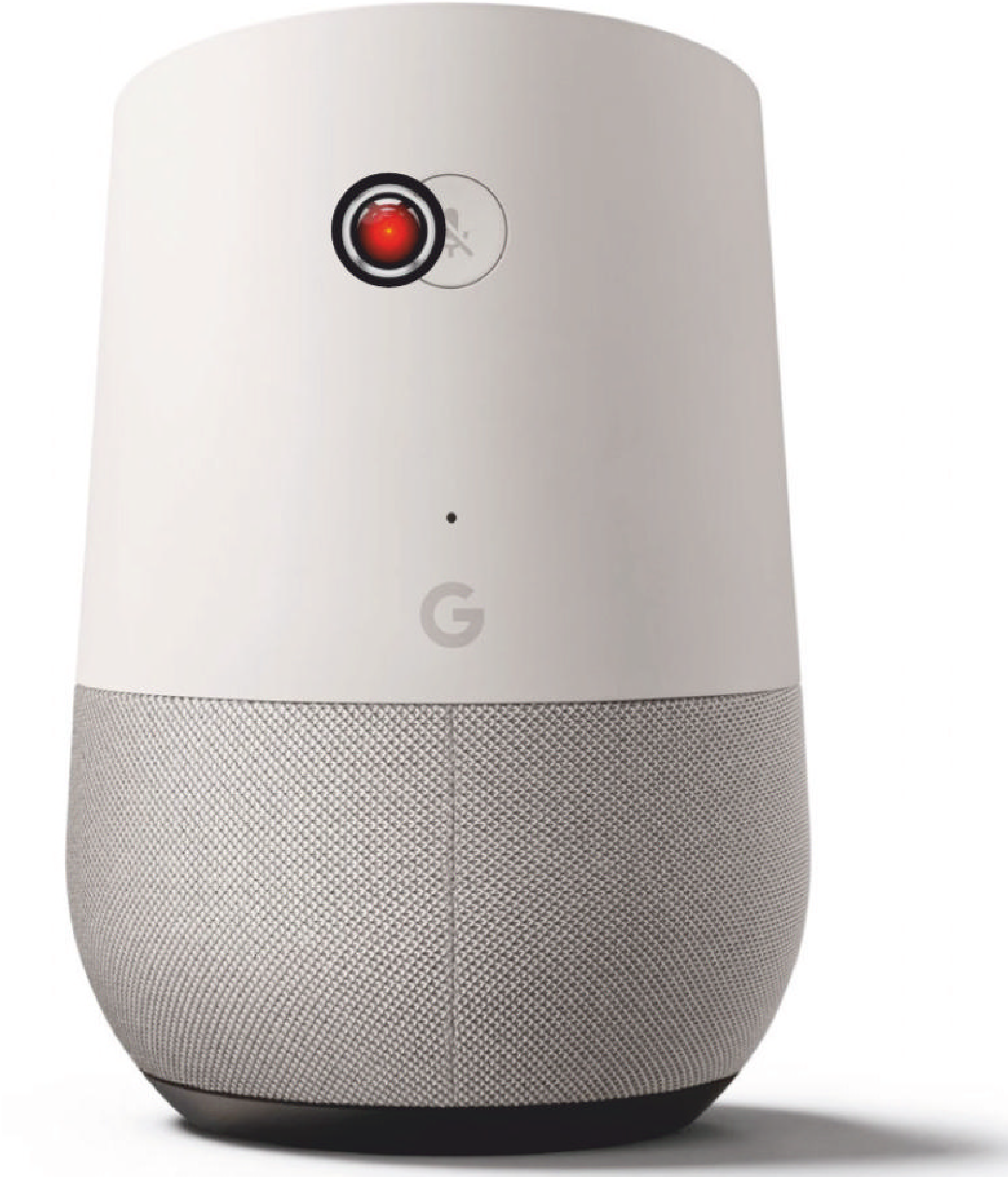


CREDIT: GAVIN MORRISON

REPORT

BIG BROTHER IS IN YOUR HOUSE AND IN YOUR VOTING BOOTH

GOOGLE IS DETERMINED TO OBSERVE YOU AND YOUR CHILDREN IN EVERY ROOM OF YOUR HOME, TO RIG ELECTIONS TO SUIT THEIR NEEDS AND TO RESHAPE HUMANITY TO FIT THEIR VALUES. YOU CAN STILL FIGHT BACK, BUT SOON YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO.

BY ROBERT EPSTEIN, PH.D.

IF YOU'VE been feeling a bit nervous lately about Google-and-the-Gang—well, it's about time. Google, and, to a lesser extent, other tech companies in the U.S. and China, pose the most serious threats to democracy, free speech and human autonomy that humanity has ever faced.

Recent surveys by the prestigious Pew Research Center in the U.S. confirm Americans are becoming increasingly concerned about how their private data is being used by Google-and-the-Gang and even about the ability of these companies to influence our elections.

If only people knew what I knew. They wouldn't just be concerned. They would have nightmares.

Since 2013, I have been conducting two kinds of research that have revealed a sinister side to Big Tech. First, I have been conducting randomized, controlled experiments—experiments adhering to the very highest standards of scientific integrity—that have revealed and quantified the power tech monopolies have to alter people's thinking and behavior without their knowledge. Along the way, I have discovered about a dozen new means of influence that the internet has made possible and that are controlled exclusively by a handful of U.S. tech companies and, within the boundaries of its Great Firewall, the Chinese government.

Second, I set up the world's first passive monitoring systems: Nielsen-type systems that allowed me to look over the shoulders of real people—with their permission—as they were using the internet in the weeks leading up to the 2016 and 2018 elections in the U.S. These systems allowed me to see whether Google and other companies were actually using the new forms of manipulation I had discovered.

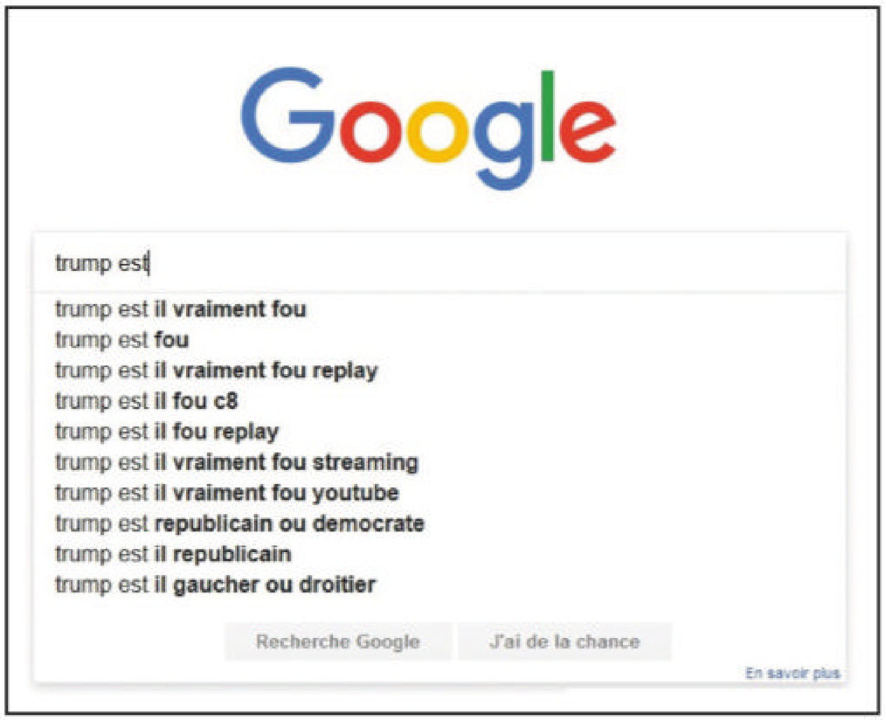
Both types of research have uncovered a world of bad news. Among other things:

The search engine is the most powerful mind-control machine ever invented, and because more than 90 percent of searches are conducted on just one search engine in almost every country in the world, Google is, on a daily basis, influencing the thinking, behavior, attitudes, beliefs, purchases and votes of more than 2.5 billion people worldwide—with no one able to counteract what the company is doing.

As of 2015, Google's search engine was determining the outcomes of upward of 25 percent of the national elections in the world, and, with internet penetration increasing rapidly, that number has almost certainly gone up since. This is because many national elections are won by razor-thin margins (Julia Gillard and her party won the 2010 election in Australia by a mere 0.24 percent of the vote), and because search results that favor one candidate can easily shift the voting preferences of undecided voters—by up to 80 percent in some demographic groups.

By manipulating search terms—those phrases Google flashes at you while you're typing a query into its search bar—Google has the power to turn a 50/50 split among undecided voters into an astonishing 90/10 split with no one having the slightest idea he or she is being manipulated.

In both 2016 and 2018, we found substantial political bias on the Google search engine—but not on Bing or Yahoo—bias sufficient to have shifted between 2.6 and 10.4 million votes in the presidential race of 2016 and upward of 78.2 million votes to candidates of one party in 2018.



trump est

trump est il vraiment fou
trump est fou
trump est il vraiment fou replay
trump est il fou c8
trump est il fou replay
trump est il vraiment fou streaming
trump est il vraiment fou youtube
trump est republicain ou democrate
trump est il republicain
trump est il gaucher ou droitier

ABOVE: GOOGLE MANIPULATES THINKING AND BEHAVIOR AROUND THE WORLD, 24 HOURS A DAY. SEVEN OUT OF THE 10 SEARCH SUGGESTIONS ABOVE—ALL FROM GOOGLE IN FRANCE—SUGGEST THAT PRESIDENT TRUMP IS CRAZY ("FOU").

In July 2019, I testified before the U.S. Congress about such issues, and I also explained how Congress could act to constrain Big Tech. The day before my testimony, I published an article in *Bloomberg Businessweek* explaining how U.S. or European authorities could quickly and permanently end Google's worldwide monopoly on search and how doing so would make search competitive and innovative again—like it was before Google destroyed all its competitors.

More than a year has passed since then. Has anything changed?

Since 2017, the European Union has fined Google more than 10 billion euros for violating European antitrust laws, and last year the U.S. government fined Facebook $5 billion for failing to protect user privacy. On May 25, 2018, the EU's landmark General Data Protection Regulation (GDPR) went into effect, supposedly to protect EU citizens from possible abuses of personal data by tech companies.

Has anything changed?

There have been changes, but they're all in the wrong direction. Both the revenues and the user bases of Google and Facebook have increased dramatically. When I first began calling for Google's regulation in 2012, its annual revenue was $50 billion. Since then, the company's revenue has grown at an increasing rate each year, with no slowdown in sight. In 2018, it raked in $136.4 billion, and in 2019, an incredible $160.7 billion.

Its power and reach have also grown. Last year, Google dramatically increased its ability to monitor the health data of millions of people by purchasing Fitbit, and the coronavirus pandemic of 2020 has further increased its access to health information because of its new partnerships with government health agencies worldwide.

As for that pioneering GDPR, its main effect has been to increase the power of both Facebook and Google in Europe by discouraging startups from entering the tech marketplace. Startups can't afford to comply with all the GDPR paperwork—only the giants can. Has the GDPR at least protected user data in Europe? Not at all. Google and Facebook are collecting more data than ever; they're just being more careful about revealing what data they have and how they use it.

Doesn't Google at least delete the data of EU citizens when they ask it to? Absolutely not. That would be like King Midas flushing gold down the toilet. Google invented the surveillance business model, which has now been adopted in varying degrees by thousands of companies. Under this model, Google entices you into using a wide range of "free" services—Gmail, Google.com, Google Docs, Google Wallet and so on—which, from a business perspective, are just surveillance tools. You and your kids provide the company with an endless stream of personal data, which Google then monetizes. That's where more than 90 percent of the company's revenue comes from. Unlike Apple and Microsoft, Google and Facebook sell almost no actual products; for the surveillance-model companies, you and your children are the product.

Google is very much at home

One of the ways Google crushes competition is by buying it. On average, it buys a new company every week. In 2014, for $3.2 billion in cash, Google acquired Nest Laboratories, which manufactured smart thermostats—that is, thermostats that have internet access through your Wi-Fi network. But why buy a thermostat company?

Google bought Nest to better penetrate the boundaries of your home. The first thing they did—quietly—was to add a microphone to the thermostats, and the newest models include cameras. The recent influx of modern smart speakers—Amazon's Alexa and Google's Home being the most popular at the moment—is driven by a set of extremely disturbing goals: listening, recording, analyzing, monetizing and influencing. The Stasi in Germany could only just listen—before they arrested you, anyway. But Home and Alexa—not to mention Apple's Siri, which gets all of its answers from Google, and the Google Assistant on Android phones—are fully interactive, just like the "telescreens" in George Orwell's 1949 dystopian novel, *Nineteen Eighty-Four*.

Such devices not only listen and record continuously, they also give you the answers these companies want you to hear.

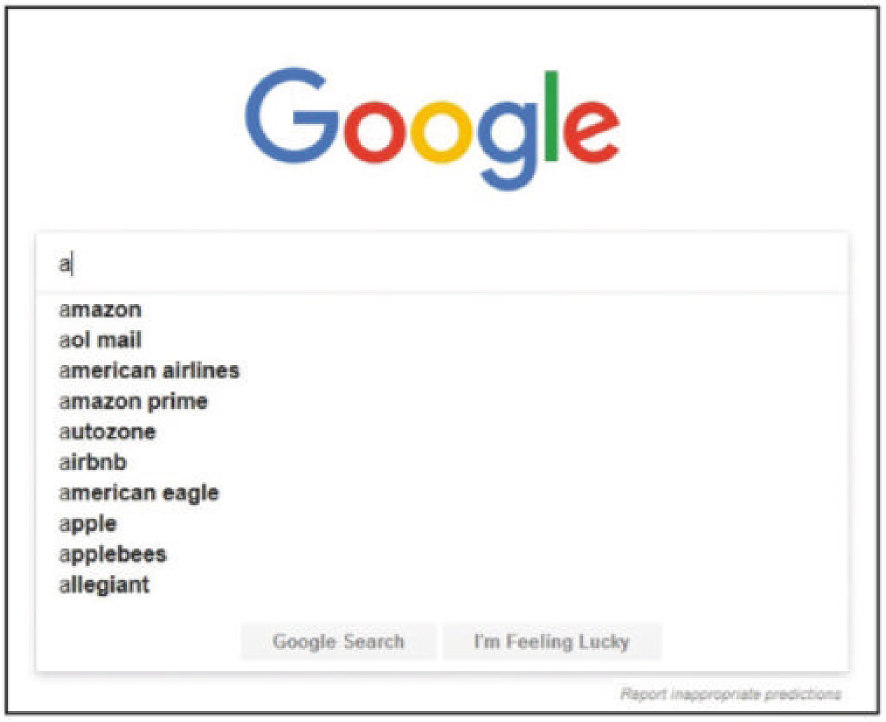
Lest you think my imagination has run wild, please consider: In 2016, Google was granted a U.S. patent—one of several of this sort—entitled "Privacy-Aware Personalized Content for the Smart Home," which secures the methodology for intelligently interpreting what its microphones and cameras are observing in your home. If your son has left his T-shirt on the floor, and the camera can see an image of Will Smith on it, Google might let your family know when the next Will Smith film is coming out. If Google's microphone hears your kids whispering in a way that detects "mischief," it might alert you or recommend a good family counselor.

How far can they take this? Can they draw conclusions about how good a parent you are, about whether you've been cheating on your boyfriend or spouse, about your favorite sex positions and toys? Can they rank your social and economic standing? Of course they can.

UNLIKE APPLE AND MICROSOFT, GOOGLE AND FACEBOOK SELL ALMOST NO ACTUAL PRODUCTS; FOR THE SURVEILLANCE-MODEL COMPANIES, YOU AND YOUR CHILDREN ARE THE PRODUCT.

Another patent, entitled "Smart-Automation System That Suggests or Automatically Implements Selected Household Policies Based on Sensed Observations," turns the surveillance data into a means for controlling systems in your house: for sounding alarms, locking and unlocking doors, deducing when you've gone on vacation, turning the lights off on your kids when they use "foul language," and for warning that cheeky babysitter of yours to send her boyfriend home *now*.

Do you trust this Silicon Valley company to be this close to your kids? You shouldn't, because those same policies you



Google

a

amazon
aol mail
american airlines
amazon prime
autozone
airbnb
american eagle
apple
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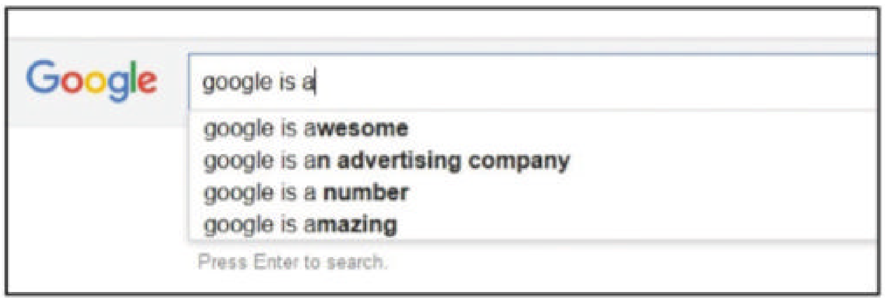
allegiant

ABOVE: DAY OR NIGHT ON ALMOST ANY DEVICE, GOOGLE WILL SHOW YOU "AMAZON" WHEN YOU SIMPLY TYPE THE LETTER "A" INTO ITS SEARCH BAR. WHY IS GOOGLE SO EAGER TO SEND EVERYONE TO AMAZON.COM? BECAUSE AMAZON IS GOOGLE'S LARGEST ADVERTISER. GOOGLE, IN TURN, IS AMAZON'S SINGLE LARGEST SOURCE OF TRAFFIC.



Google

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google is awesome
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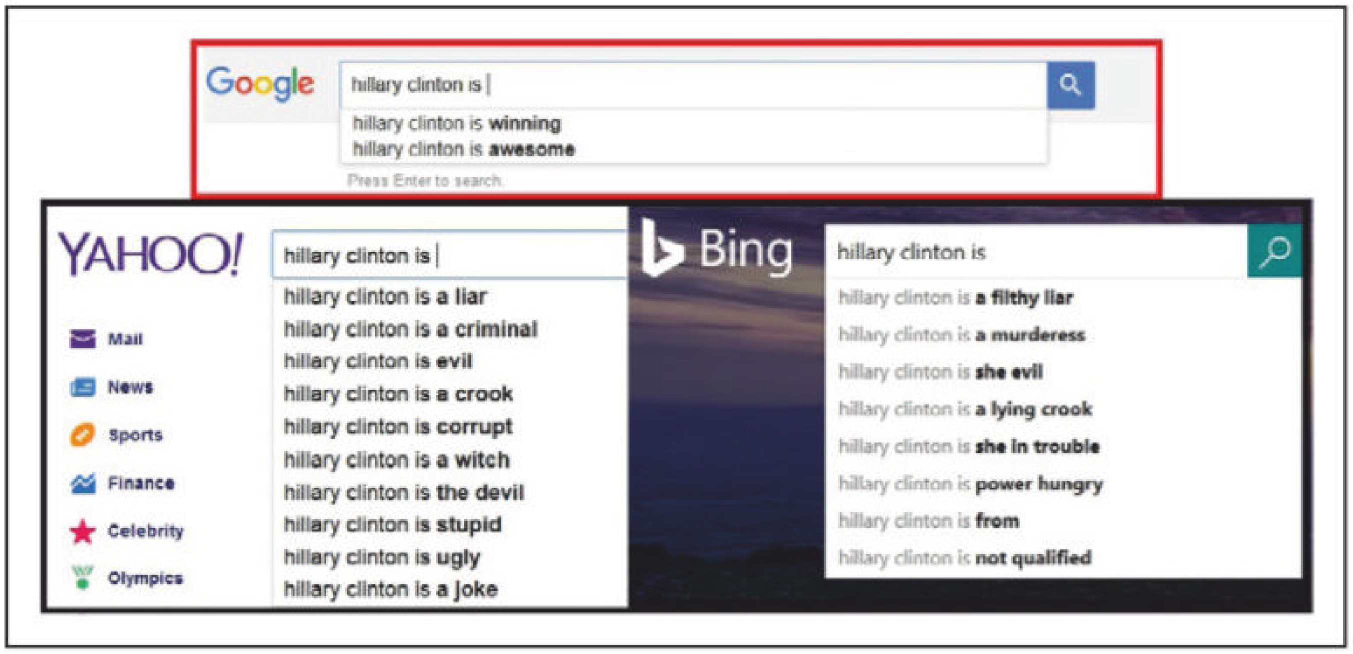
google is amazing



hillary clinton is |
hillary clinton is **winning**
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Press Enter to search.

hillary clinton is |
hillary clinton is a liar
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hillary clinton is a witch
hillary clinton is the devil
hillary clinton is stupid
hillary clinton is ugly
hillary clinton is a joke

hillary clinton is
hillary clinton is **a filthy liar**
hillary clinton is **a murderess**
hillary clinton is **she evil**
hillary clinton is **a lying crook**
hillary clinton is **she in trouble**
hillary clinton is **power hungry**
hillary clinton is **from**
hillary clinton is **not qualified**

ABOVE: THESE ARE SCREENSHOTS FROM THE SUMMER OF 2016. NOTICE ANYTHING ODD ABOUT THE SEARCH SUGGESTIONS GOOGLE WAS SHOWING FOR HILLARY CLINTON? BY THE WAY, NO ONE WAS SEARCHING FOR EITHER "HILLARY CLINTON IS WINNING" OR "HILLARY CLINTON IS AWESOME." YAHOO AND BING SEARCH SUGGESTIONS TELL YOU WHAT PEOPLE ARE SEARCHING FOR. IN RECENT YEARS, GOOGLE'S SEARCH SUGGESTIONS HAVE COME TO SERVE ONE PURPOSE ONLY: MANIPULATION.

set for your children can also be set, according to that second patent, "based upon certain inputs from remote vendors/facilitators/regulators/etc." Google has a long history of sharing our personal data with a wide variety of such entities. They even reserve that right under their creepy Terms of Service, to which we all agree as long as we are using a Google application—even if we don't know we're using a Google application.

Google wants us to believe the massive amount of personal data they're collecting about us and our children will never, ever be misused. But we've seen how easily massive amounts of data can end up in the wrong hands—in the hands of election riggers at Cambridge Analytica, for example. It's not just retailers and banks that get hacked; every major tech company has also been hacked. Through hacking or sharing, even those silly, crazy things you said in the privacy of your home but didn't really mean might end up in the hands of the FBI or the TSA. Wait! Did I just say "privacy?" What was I thinking?

The home that Google envisions—no, the home that Google has already created when we weren't paying attention—is an Orwellian wet dream, in which the walls have ears and the thermostat is definitely listening. And those are just the big moves Google has made. Densely packed between each of those moves is the acquiring of multitudes of businesses, intellectual property and technologies—all for the purpose of extracting and interpreting more and more of your personal data.

And those are the moves we know about. For a company this steeped in secrecy and surveillance, with close ties to the NSA and CIA, I'm sure the list we don't know about is much longer.

People occasionally tell me I exaggerate such matters. But my research over the past seven years has put me in an oddly ironic position when it comes to exaggeration: No matter what I tell you about the threat that Google-and-the-Gang pose to our families and societies, I am, it turns out, grossly understating the seriousness of the problem.

Bear that in mind as we now move from the comfort of your own home (still feeling comfortable there?) to the sanctity of the voting booth.

Google in the voting booth

In June 2016, a few months before the U.S. electorate—or least our archaic Electoral College—selected Donald J. Trump to be our president, a small news outlet called Sourcefed released a dramatic seven-minute video that claimed Google was deliberately suppressing negative search suggestions for candidate Hillary Clinton (such as "Hillary Clinton crimes," which Google Trends showed people were searching for in large numbers) while suggesting only positive terms (such as "Hillary Clinton crime reform," which Google Trends showed virtually no one was searching for). Google was not suppressing negative search terms for people like Donald Trump ("Donald Trump racist") and Bernie Sanders ("Bernie Sanders socialist").

Unfortunately, Sourcefed posted their video on Google-owned YouTube—what were they thinking? As views of the video rapidly approached the million mark, Google blocked access to it.

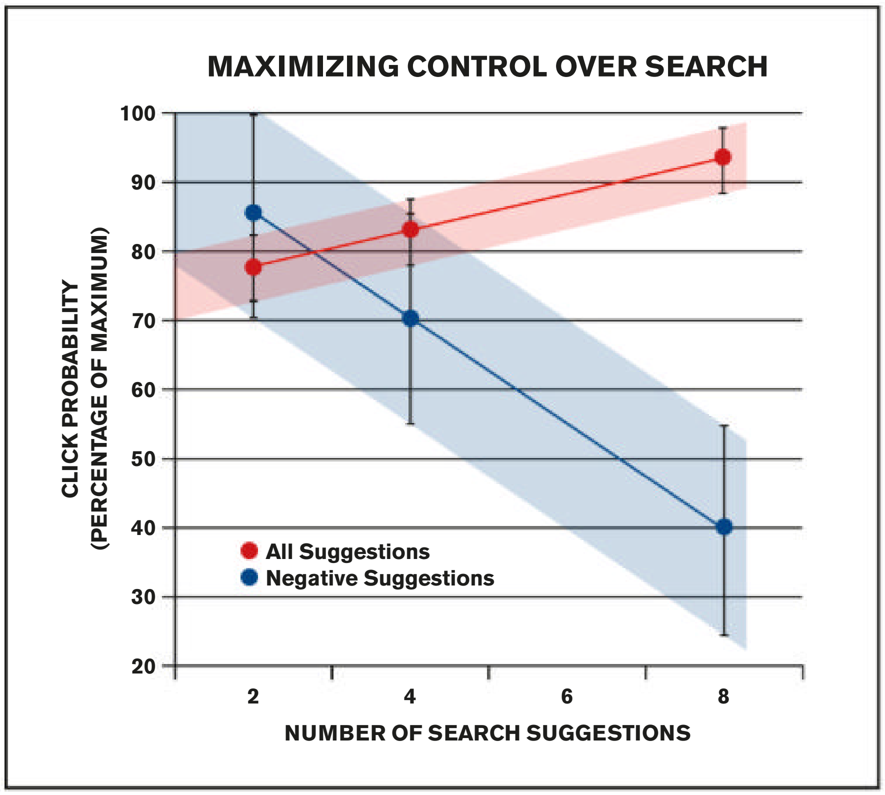
Impossible, you say. Isn't Google's company motto: "Don't be evil?" Sorry, but Google officially dropped that motto in 2015. As I said, you haven't been paying attention.

Fortunately, the three-minute version Sourcefed posted on Facebook—which, alas, cut out all the references to my research—survived Google's censorship and soon passed 25 million views.

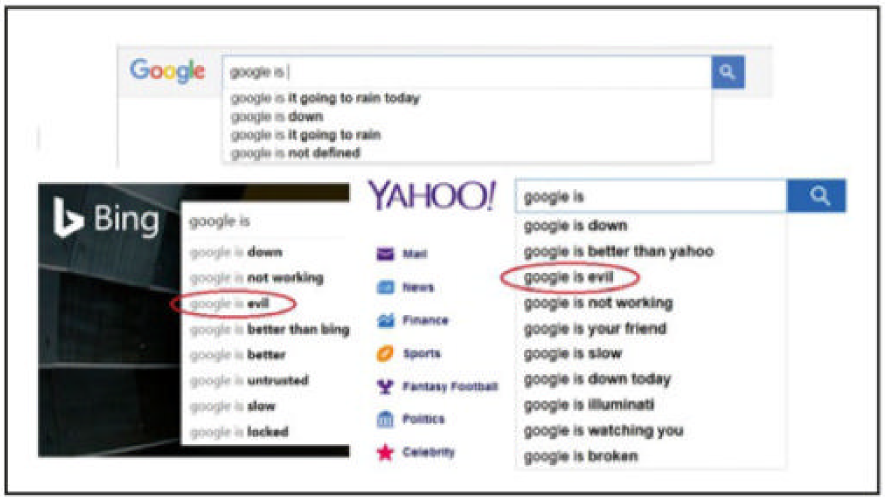
That video inspired me to begin conducting experiments on search suggestions, which led to my discovery of the Search Suggestion Effect or SSE. Those experiments have revealed a number of disturbing things about search suggestions, among them:

(a) One of the simplest and most effective ways to use a search engine to shift opinions or votes is to suppress negative search terms for the candidate or cause or company you support, while allowing negative search suggestions to appear for the other candidate or cause or company.

(b) This shift occurs because of a well-known behavioral effect called "negativity bias"—also known as the "cockroach in the salad" effect. Negatives draw lots of attention and thought. That little cockroach in the middle of that big salad ruins the whole salad, does it not? When it comes to search suggestions, we learned that a negative search term can draw between 10 and 15 times as many clicks as a neutral or positive term. So a suggestion like "Donald Trump racist" will draw a lot more traffic than a suggestion like "Hillary



ABOVE: THIS GRAPH, FROM ONE OF DR. EPSTEIN'S LABORATORY EXPERIMENTS, PINPOINTS THE IDEAL NUMBER OF SEARCH SUGGESTIONS A SEARCH ENGINE SHOULD SHOW PEOPLE TO MAXIMIZE CONTROL OVER PEOPLE'S SEARCHES. SEE THAT CORNER AT THE VERY TOP OF THE SHADED PARALLELOGRAM? IT'S DIRECTLY OVER THE NUMBER FOUR–AND THAT'S HOW MANY SEARCH SUGGESTIONS GOOGLE GENERALLY SHOWED PEOPLE FROM 2010 UNTIL LATE 2017 WHEN EPSTEIN WENT PUBLIC WITH THIS DISCOVERY. NOW GOOGLE USUALLY SHOWS PEOPLE TEN SUGGESTIONS, LIKE IT DID IN THE OLD DAYS–EXCEPT ON MOBILE PHONES.



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google is not working
google is evil
google is better than bing
google is better
google is untrusted
google is slow
google is locked

google is
google is down
google is better than yahoo
google is evil
google is not working
google is your friend
google is slow
google is down today
google is illuminati
google is watching you
google is broken

ABOVE: BING AND YAHOO WILL EACH SHOW YOU NEGATIVE SEARCH SUGGESTIONS FOR BING, YAHOO AND GOOGLE, BUT GOOGLE WILL ONLY SHOW YOU NEGATIVES FOR ITS COMPETITORS. EPSTEIN'S RESEARCH SHOWS SUPPRESSING NEGATIVE SEARCH SUGGESTIONS IS A POWERFUL WAY TO SHIFT OPINIONS AND VOTES.

IF FACEBOOK OR GOOGLE WANTS TO FLIP AN ELECTION, THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO ABOUT, AND, AT LEAST IN THE U.S., THERE ARE NO LAWS OR REGULATIONS FORBIDDING IT. ●

Clinton crime bill," at least for undecided voters, and those are exactly the voters Google wants to influence to tilt an election. That's why suppressing negatives for your favorite candidate can shift so many votes.

(c) When we manipulate people by using biased search suggestions, people have no idea they're being influenced. Manipulations that people can't see are extremely dangerous, because when people can't see a source of influence, they mistakenly conclude they have made up their own minds.

(d) Like bias in search results, answer boxes and newsfeeds, search suggestion manipulations are what Google insiders call "ephemeral experiences"—that is, fleeting experiences that impact users and then disappear, leaving no trace. In other words, authorities can never prove that SSE has been used on a large scale. There is no way to go back in time to see what search suggestions, search results or newsfeeds people were being shown. And Google employees know that. That's why I developed monitoring systems—to preserve those ephemeral experiences. In 2016, I preserved 13,207 election-related searches on Google, Bing and Yahoo, along with the 98,044 web pages to which the search results linked. In 2018, I captured more than 47,000 searches and nearly 400,000 web pages. Once you capture such content, you can look for bias or censorship, and you can quantify it.

Over the years, I have been discovering, studying and quantifying a number of new forms of influence like SSE, every one of which is controlled exclusively by Big Tech companies. Unlike billboards, television commercials and ads posted on Facebook by election campaigns or Russian agents, these new forms of influence are both invisible and noncompetitive. If Facebook or Google wants to flip an election, there's nothing you can do about, and, at least in the U.S., there are no laws or regulations forbidding it.

In the 2020 presidential election, I've calculated Google-and-the-Gang can shift 15 million votes—more than enough to select the next president. And over the past year, whistleblowers from both Google and Facebook, along with leaked videos and documents from Google, have made it clear these companies will not allow Trump to be reelected.

I'm not a Trump supporter. I'm not even a conservative. But I believe strongly in democracy, and the more I've learned about Big Tech companies, the more outraged I've become by the power they wield and by the abject failure of our leaders to constrain that power.

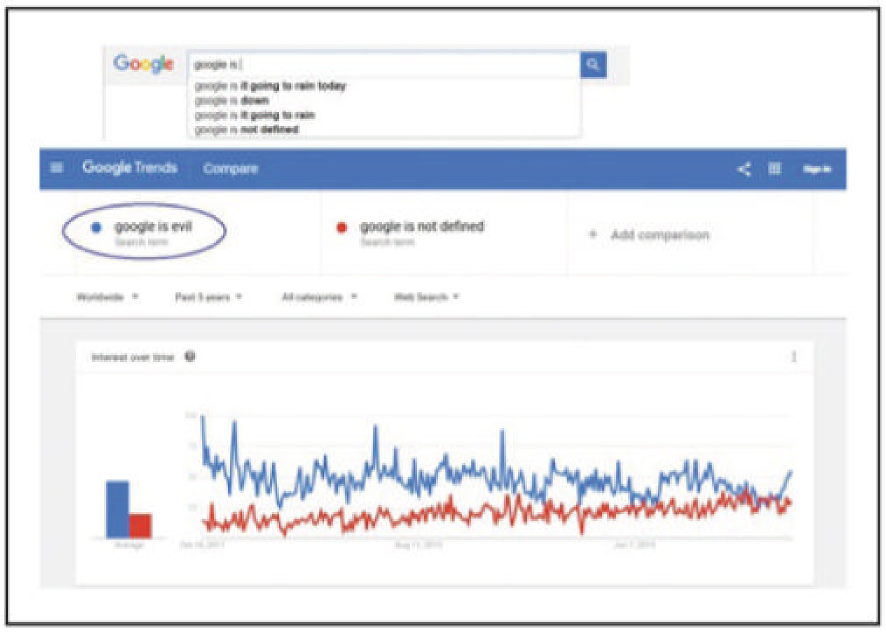
In my opinion, 2020 is the watershed year on this issue. It is either the year we turn over democracy, free speech and human autonomy to Google-and-the-Gang—or the year we fight them.

How to Fight

Outside China, which takes great pride in using emerging technologies to surveil and control its population—sometimes with Google's help—Google and, to a lesser extent, other Silicon Valley tech companies pose the greatest threat to humanity it has ever faced. Over the past year or two, and with increasing frequency, I have been approached repeatedly by members of the U.S. Congress, by the attorneys

BUT NO LAWS OR REGULATIONS WILL EVER KEEP UP WITH RAPIDLY CHANGING AND EMERGING TECHNOLOGIES. BY THE TIME A PIECE OF LEGISLATION IS PASSED, THE TECH COMPANIES HAVE OUTGROWN IT BY DECADES.

ROBERT
EPSTEIN



google is |

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general of several U.S. states and by White House staff, all of whom are concerned about the obscene power of Big Tech.

Some of these officials are conducting investigations, and some members of Congress have held hearings.

But no laws or regulations will ever keep up with rapidly changing and emerging technologies. By the time a piece of legislation is passed, the tech companies have outgrown it by decades.

So what, if anything, can we do?

On a small scale, we can all take steps to safeguard our privacy and the privacy of our family members. For details, please see my article at MyPrivacyTips.com, which begins, "I haven't received a targeted ad on my computer or mobile phone since 2014."

At the societal level, I know of only one way, both in the short term and in the murky future to come, that we can protect ourselves from domination by Big Tech, and that is to build a permanent worldwide network of passive monitoring systems—large-scale versions of the systems I set up in 2016 and 2018.

These systems will monitor the content tech companies are showing people on their screens and telling people on their personal assistants. Monitoring systems are tech, so they can keep up with whatever the tech companies are throwing at us: surveillance and control mechanisms built into the rapidly growing internet of things, wearables and self-driving vehicles, for example. Looking ahead, monitoring systems will even be able to detect and expose manipulations implemented through the biological implants that will make our children and grandchildren especially vulnerable.

Alas, since I'm guessing you'll be reading this essay not long before the November presidential election in the U.S., I need to end on a dark note. In 2016 and 2018, my associates and I had relatively little trouble raising funds to build online election monitoring systems. It's common sense, after all. Monitoring systems must exist to preserve those ephemeral experiences Google employees are so proud of.

But this year—the watershed year, as I said—we were unable to find funding, at least in part because the coronavirus has frozen many funding sources. This means that in this critically important election, we will have no idea how Big Tech was interfering, even though I have no doubt that they are interfering at this very moment on a massive scale.

It also means the Democrats are likely to sweep Washington, D.C. That doesn't bother me, except that early next year both Congress and the White House will almost certainly shut down every single investigation of Big Tech shenanigans that has been initiated in recent years.

From that moment forward, the big threats these companies pose to humanity—the ubiquitous surveillance, the politically biased censorship, and the invisible manipulation—will become permanently embedded in countries around the world.

Robert Epstein (@DrREpstein), a former editor-in-chief of Psychology Today, *is senior research psychologist at the American Institute for Behavioral Research and Technology. He has published 15 books and more than 300 articles on AI and other topics. You can support and learn more about his research on online influence at https://MyGoogleResearch.com.*

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LIGHT MY FIRE

LACY LENNON

PHOTOGRAPHER
FRANCISCO FRANCO

THE FUTURE looks exceptionally bright for Lacy Lennon. The 22-year-old redhead from Los Angeles has almost a half-million followers on Instagram, has earned her position as one of the fastest rising adult actresses in the world and has just been crowned the very deserving winner of Penthouse Pet of the Year.

Congratulations, Lacy! How does it feel to be named Penthouse Pet of the Year?
Thank you. The happiness that overcame me was a once-in-a-lifetime feeling. Being chosen as Pet of the Year has given me a new sense of responsibility for empowering others around me. I could keep it all to myself, but that would be narcissistic. It's made me feel like my duty is to share the love and make people feel as great, inspired, motivated and empowered as I feel right now!

Tell us about your Pet of the Year shoot for *Penthouse*. How was it?
I was overwhelmed with emotion before the shoot even started! It was insanely memorable. My favorite makeup artist, Mel, made sure I looked flawless, and the entire team made the day feel whimsical. It was the best day ever. Truly, thank you from the bottom of my heart, *Penthouse*.

You're welcome! How did you get started in the industry?
I've always wanted to be in the sex industry, but I wasn't sure what path I wanted to take. When I was 18, I dabbled in some cam work. After that I tried stripping, but I quickly learned dancing isn't my strong suit! I'm OK with admitting that! After years of knowing I wanted to do porn, I jumped in, and now I can say I'm finally living my dream as an adult film star. It's allowed me to expand myself sexually and creatively, and now I'm basically my own boss.

What was your first adult scene like?
I was nervous! At first, I didn't say a word to my co-star, Seth Gamble, because I still wasn't sure exactly how things worked, but he was a total gentleman and helped me every step of the way. It was such a positive, supportive and professional atmosphere that really cemented my decision to pursue a career in the adult industry.

What's your favorite way to relax?
I'm an outdoorsy type of girl. I really love hanging outside with my dog, Riley, or hiking to the top of a mountain and just sitting there for a few hours before coming back down. Realizing the Earth is so big and we are so small puts things into perspective. When I hike back down, I always feel like a weight has been lifted off my shoulders and I'm ready to return to reality. If I'm not doing any sort of physical activity, then I'm probably reading books about business, listening to podcasts, composing music or meditating.

What type of person are you attracted to?
Ideally, I want someone who is kind and successful. I believe everyone has their own vision of success, and as long as they're happy and working hard toward their goals, then that's great. No lazy bums for me.

What's the hottest movie scene you've ever watched?
Definitely "Red Sparrow" with Jennifer Lawrence when she strips off and tells her unwanted suitor to fuck her while making eye contact—and he can't. I love the power play and the danger. It turned me on so much.

What's something you'd love to do but haven't yet?
I'd love to go to Paris with a lover and have an experience that doesn't end up on film! I want to have the moment for myself. I imagine Paris during a warm night in a beautiful hotel room, where he leads me by the hand to a balcony and starts kissing my neck—before we have sex under the stars, and finish with some cuddles in bed! Any takers?

INSTAGRAM: **@MissLacyLennon**
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‘Give Wall an assignment and you never quite know what kind of story he will deliver. Except that it will be enthralling, entertaining and scurrilous as hell.’

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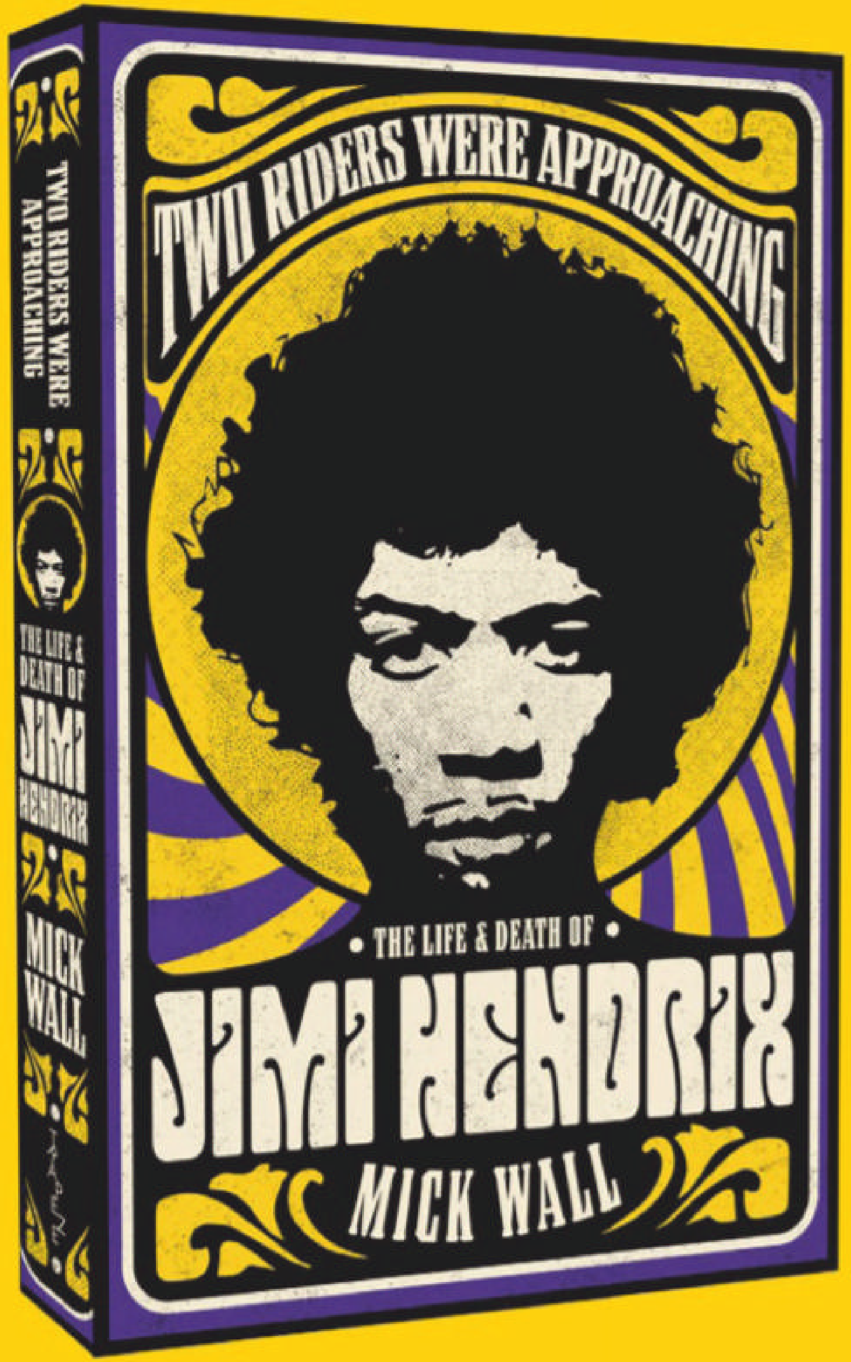
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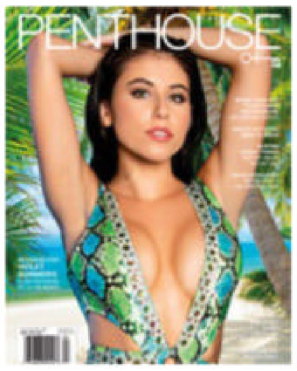

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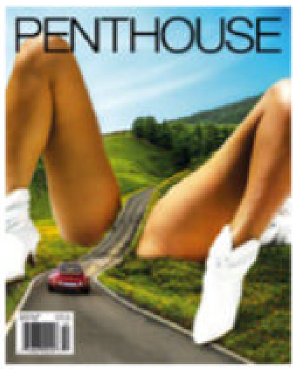

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KENN Lichtenwalter is an American photographer from New York City who creates “urban erotica.” Only utilizing available light, Kenn exclusively shoots in New York City, where his focus is on juxtaposing the female form with the architecture of the Big Apple, always emphasizing composition, angle and perspective in his images.

How did you get your start in photography?
I’ve had a fascination with photography since a young age and sporadically took photos through my college years. Shortly after earning a degree in business administration, I crazily chose to attend a photography school, and it was at that point I really became hooked on the magic of film and the creative process. I now shoot exclusively digital but really adhere to many of the principles I had learned while working with film.

How would you describe your photography aesthetic now?
My photographic endeavor now for a number of years has been to shoot urban erotica. I thrive on juxtaposing the female persona and form against an urban backdrop, placing an emphasis on composition, angle and perspective. Personally, I thrive on putting order to chaos. Particularly in New York City, where it’s always chaotic. To work with a model and bring some order to the space is very fulfilling.

What reactions do you get when you’re shooting in public?
When shooting in public, I’ve usually sought to be as discrete as possible, where the public either isn’t around or won’t notice. Lately though, I’ve begun to photograph nude models in very public spaces. Interestingly, I’ve found many New Yorkers could care less, as I suppose they’ve already pretty much seen it all, or they are otherwise easily distracted with phones or in a rush to get wherever they are going. It’s become an interesting social dynamic that I’m seeking to explore further.

Have you ever gotten in trouble for one of your public nude shoots?
I’ve had a few police encounters in which a mutual understanding was reached to move along. It is legal for women to be topless in public spaces in NYC, so that helps.

Have you got a favorite image of yours?
The image in this layout of the model photographed from a very low perspective with the skyscrapers above her. I just love the pose she came up with, it exudes so much energy. The angle is very provocative. The backdrop is equally dramatic. For me, this image has all of the pieces of the puzzle working together.

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STYLE ACCELERATION

IF THERE IS ONE ITEM OF CLOTHING A MAN SHOULD OWN, IT'S A PERFECTLY FITTED SUIT. A WELL-TAILORED SUIT IS A WOMAN'S KRYPTONITE. MATCH A GREAT SUIT WITH A SOPHISTICATED AFTERSHAVE AND YOU ARE SET TO MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION WITH THE LADIES BEFORE YOU EVEN OPEN YOUR MOUTH. A SLICK SUIT WITH A HOT WATCH AND WHEELS WILL HAVE YOU STRIDING WITH CONFIDENCE. SPLURGE ON THE GOOD STUFF FROM THE START, AND YOU WILL GET YOUR MONEY'S WORTH OVER TIME WHILE LOOKING LIKE A MILLION BUCKS. PLUS, YOU'RE WORTH IT.

BUGATTI CHIRON

THE WORLD'S FASTEST SUPERCAR IS BREAKING NEW DIMENSIONS.

HAVING already set the standard for eyeball-popping power with its widely acclaimed Veyron, Bugatti has now gone one step further and created a vehicle so over the top in output it's almost impossible to believe. The almost $3 million Chiron puts out 1,479 BHP, gets 261 mph in less than 2.5 seconds and holds the title of the first supercar to top 300 mph (its top speed has been capped "for safety reasons"—go figure).

PHOTOGRAPHY: BUGATTI.COM

BUGATTI

PHOTO: GETTY / SILVER SCREEN COLLECTION

SUIT YOURSELF

THE TIME TO UP YOUR SARTORIAL STANDARDS IS NOW

THE viral pandemic threw a wrench into our social lives this year. Any plans we might have had that involved wearing a suit and going out were overpowered by our rotation of sweatpants and T-shirts and the requirement to stay in. However, they say that clothes maketh the man, and with the lockdown laws lifting, there's never been a better time to refresh your wardrobe and up your sartorial style game.

We've come up with a few tips that will have you looking like a proper dapper chap for when it's time to don a suit again.

The Pinstripe Suit

When we think of the pinstripe suit, it's easy to picture Wall Street bankers and big shot lawyers. But the fact is pinstripe suits are back in a big way and will definitely make you stand out from the crowd. They can be worn with or without a vest, depending on the weather, and they also look great with a tie or cravat.

Adding a bit of color

If pinstripes aren't your thing and you like a more refined, minimalist look for the occasion, you could definitely consider lighter color suits for your event. Beige or light blue always looks fantastic, especially when accompanied by some sleek navy-blue accessories to finish off your ensemble. Slip on your favorite pair of (designer) sunglasses to complete the look.

Footwear and Socks

This is an area that can really make or break your look. Socks are an easily forgettable yet crucial link in a man's wardrobe. Resist the urge to go too outlandish. For a classic, fluid look, coordinate the sock color with the tone of your trousers. Bolder dressers should consider mixing it up with a contrasting tone that complements another detail of the outfit (pocket square, tie, etc.). No matter what anyone says, superheroes and cartoon characters are not cool or a cultivated representation of who you are. Length matters! Always go for a longer sock, rather than shorter. Steer clear from putting your ankles on display.

As for shoes, a nice pair of brogues or derby shoes never go astray, especially if you're heading out for a day at the races. ●

STYLE TIP

Post-lockdown is a tricky time to bare the ankles as they have likely been in hibernation through confinement and may resemble a pair of white socks. If you're set on wearing loafers, try them with socks in the same color as the shoes or trousers.

WHEN SIZE MATTERS!

LET'S FACE IT, THERE'S LITTLE SPACE FOR COLOR WHEN IT COMES TO KEEPING YOUR ACCESSORIES CLASSIC. IF YOU WANT TO STAND OUT WITH YOUR TIE, GET IT RIGHT.

LENGTH

If you get this right from the start, you're halfway there. Level the fat end of the tie with your beltline before you start tying.

GIRTH

The skinny tie works with any suit but looks most at home with a fitted, single-breasted suit in a solid color.

The wide tie works best with patterns and at work. If you're a bigger build, this tie will look at home with your chest. Balance the width of your tie with the lapels of your suit, and you can't go wrong. Out of style for some time, girth is making a comeback with tight knots being seen on runways and among well-known fashion influencers.

SHAPE

There are many ways to tie a tie, however, the main knot for businessmen is the Windsor. It is a thick, wide, triangular tie knot that projects confidence and is especially suited to the spread or cutaway collor.

STYLE

Keep it out of your soup with a tie pin, and avoid character ties at all costs. When in doubt stick to solid, seasonal colors. Pocket squares add flair when paired with a matching tie or a bow tie. Do yourself a favor and invest in a self-tying bow tie for special events. A bow on an elasic string is never a good look.

ACQUA DI
GIÒ
GIORGIO ARMANI
PROFONDO

Island of Pantelleria

SCENT OF SUCCESS

MAKE A LASTING IMPRESSION WITH A SHARP NEW FRAGRANCE

IT'S THE most underrated accessory when it comes to a man's personal style, but what you smell like has a powerful effect on how people see and remember you.

With everything that's been going on in the world, there's never been a better time for a reinvention.

Step up Mr. Giorgio Armani and his new Acqua Di Giò Profondo scent, a rework of his classic '90s *parfum homme*—Acqua Di Giò.

Inspired by the Italian designer's favorite holiday spot on the Sicilian island of Pantelleria, this fragrance has been created to represent man's sensual relationship with nature. It has a wide range of ingredients from green mandarin and bergamot to rosemary and lavender, promoting invigorating freshness and natural-smelling notes.

The fragrance was created by master Spanish perfumer Alberto Morillas, who has produced scents for the likes of Givenchy, Versace and even came up with CK One for a certain Calvin Klein in the '90s.

CREDIT: BEPSIMAGE

WATCH THIS SPACE

B&R TIMEPIECES ARE A SEAMLESS COMBO OF ELEGANCE, SOPHISTICATION AND FUNCTION

BRUNO Belamich and Carlos Rosillo founded Bell & Ross back in 1992. Their designs have since become the go-to time tellers for those working in a demanding profession, from astronauts and pilots to mine clearance experts and even Hollywood hitman John Wick.

To pull off wearing a B&R model, however, you'll need to look the part. Walking around in your shorts and flip-flops is not going to do this type of watch justice, so listen carefully!

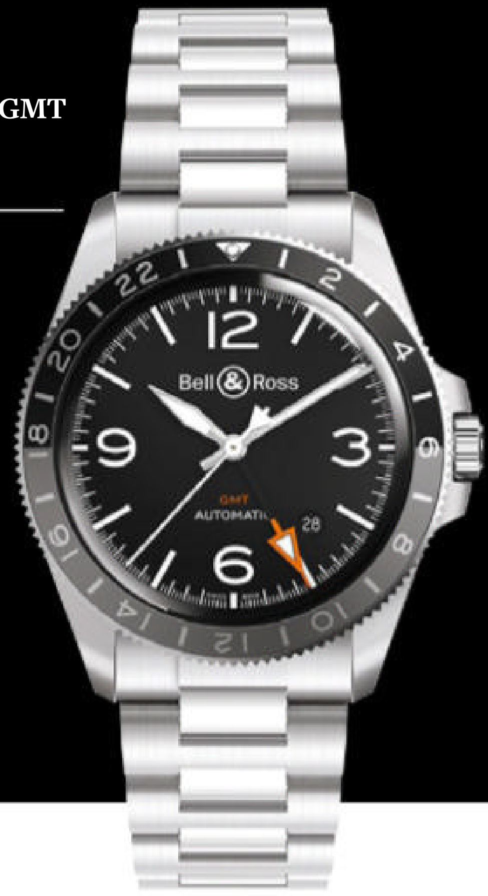
Even though it is rooted in Switzerland and Paris, there is something undoubtedly classic about Bell & Ross designs, especially their military-inspired chronographs. So, a white tee with Levis and an aviator jacket definitely fits the image. Finish that look off with a pair of black boots or an old pair of Redwings, and you'll be all set for a day in the sky.

If you're more monochrome than military, preferring the shape of a finely tailored suit like John Wick for a more business-orientated ensemble, then B&R have you covered. A dark black and gray combination is ideal to exude an aura of sophistication with a nice BR V2-93 on under your cuff.

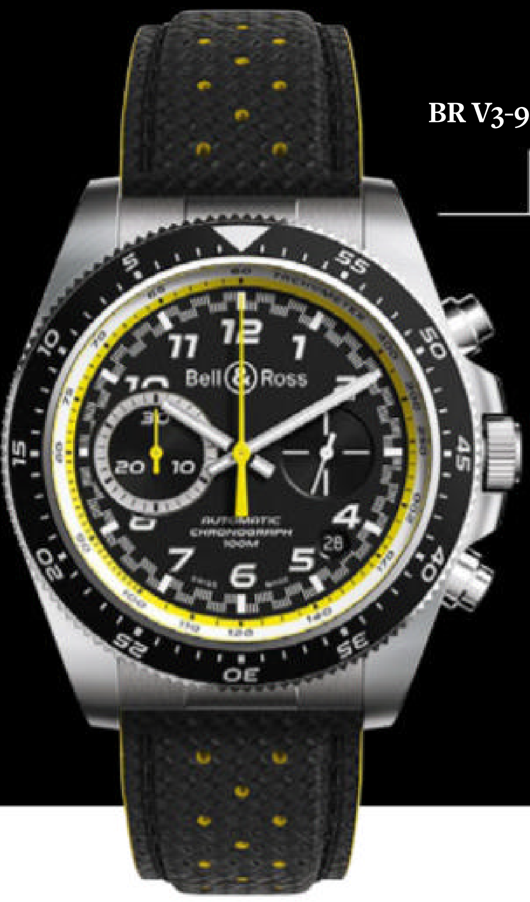
Most leather looks are also going to fit aesthetically with Bell & Ross watches, especially their BR V3-94 R.S.20, which was created for French car manufacturer Renault. Whatever your preference, Bell & Ross is a mark of durable quality—made for men who push boundaries.

John Wick

BR V2-93 GMT



BR V3-94 R.S.20



PHOTOS: © LIONSGATE / BELL& ROSS

PHOTO: SAINT LAURENT FALL/WINTER 2020 CAMPAIGN

LOOK LIKE *Lenny*

DOM Perignon & YSL revere the great Lenny Kravitz, and we salute the rock star.

The lord of leather is a style icon who has a very simple style recipe.

A liberal dose of cool
Sir Lenny is literally an image of cool, from his trendy locks to his rock 'n' roll swagger—something that has made the French, in particular, eager to have him as the face of some of their biggest brands. But what exactly does it take to be seen as an icon in a country that has haute couture at its beating heart?

Add one serving of leather
Leather needs to be worn right, otherwise it can all go horribly wrong. Kravitz is often pictured on the red carpets keeping his leather combinations strictly black, from his skintight pants to sleek jackets, usually backed up with a pair of dazzling leather boots with a chunky heel.

Add one serving of denim
In many ways, Mr. Kravitz is a throwback to a mythical type of U.S. rock star from a bygone era. He does this by combining classic light blue denim ensembles that include everything from sleeveless shirts that expose his classy tats, to outlandish bell-bottoms that only he seems able to pull off.

A smattering of jewels
Nothing quite says free spirit like a carefully selected splattering of bracelets, chains, emerald-green rings and a few piercings! Now this can, and often does, go horribly wrong for most people, but again Kravitz keeps it just the right side of cool—enough to make you want to head out and get jeweled up. Problem is most of us end up looking more Mr. T than Mr. K!

A heaped tablespoon of zero fucks given
And why does LK get away with having such a unique, timeless look? Because the man has so much confidence in himself and that he doesn't give a fuck! To be a style icon, you have to lead from the front, and just let them stare as you walk by.

Stir gently

LUCKY TIGER
PROFESSIONAL GROOMING FOR MEN
BOTANICALS
FACE SCR
EXFOLIATE
PARABEN FRE
HIBISCUS &
5 FL O
LUC

THE LOCKDOWN GLOW UP

IT’S TIME TO GET SERIOUS ABOUT YOUR POST-CORONA GROOMING HABITS

AS WE begin to return to some kind of new normality and lockdown laws relax, it’s time to have a look in the mirror and see if your head and face could do with a touch of TLC. You may also want to lose a bit of that lockdown flab in time for a day on the beach, especially if you’re looking to grab a certain kind of attention.

A new look is a great way to give yourself a morale boost. It can be as small or as big as you like, but it has to have a positive impact on your appearance and add a bit of swagger to your step. Maybe you want to grow your beard out, or lose the beard altogether for a ’stache? Maybe you want to go for a short back and sides or get a high fade. Either way, these things should be carefully considered for maximum effect.

Here are some helpful post-corona grooming tips for you to consider.

HAIR

You’re bound to have a great day when your hair is looking good. If your hair product isn’t doing exactly what you need for the style you like, it’s time to explore new options. Everyone’s hair is different, so finding the right hair product can take a bit of trial and error. The main things to consider are the hold and the finish. If you shop online, read the product descriptions and feel free to email the store with any questions you have. Your hair and face need to work together to bring some perspective to your appearance. You might have a small forehead or a round face that isn’t going to work with certain hairstyles. Likewise, if you have a long beard and a super high pompadour but you’re a bit of a shortie, your head is going to appear a lot larger than it actually is. Striking the right balance is important from the off.

A good barber or hairdresser is always going to look at what type of hair you have and your head shape when discussing a cut. If you have a few ideas, it’s always best to have a little consultation with them first as they are usually right when it comes to what will and won’t work. Remember, the more you say, the easier their job becomes, so it’s a win-win situation.

SKIN

It’s encouraging to see men taking a real vested interest in caring for their skin. Skincare is certainly not just for the ladies; we all have a face and we all feel good when it’s looking its best. Keep things simple by cleansing and moisturizing daily with a once-a-week exfoliation.

From protecting your face from daily pollution to reducing wrinkles, along with promoting an all-round handsome mug, moisturizing daily along with a weekly exfoliation is a new norm for the modern man. A really good face wash for morning and night will also ensure the effects of a hard day’s slog are removed, while retaining essential natural oils that protect your skin. There’s a wide range of skincare products specifically made for men on the market now. Pro tip: the more natural the ingredients, the better the results.

BEARD

Whether you’re a bearded gent or prefer a clean shave, we’ve got some simple tips for taming your facial hair. To start, a good beard oil is essential for preventing itchy beards that can fall victim to beardruff. Followed by a beard balm, your beard hairs will be left feeling soft and looking relaxed. When shaving, think about whether you suffer from razor burn regularly. If the answer is yes, you most likely need to consider a safety razor for a closer shave without irritation.

If you’re considering losing your beard altogether and returning to a clean-shaven look, be wary of sensitive skin that hasn’t been introduced to a razor for a wee while. If you do have skin irritations when shaving in general, it’s wise to take as much off as possible with your clippers and finish with a safety razor. A good cut-throat shave at your barbershop is even better, as it is refreshing, enjoyable and leaves your skin blemish-free.

TO WRAP

By exploring new products, reading labels and asking questions in stores and barber shops, you’ll begin to figure out exactly what works for you. Forge good daily habits by taking the time to implement a simple grooming routine that leaves you feeling and looking sharp every day. Life is a game of confidence, so stay ahead by using the right tools. ●

SHAVEWORKS
The Cool Fix
Le Soin Fraicheur
Gel Lotion
Pumps

MAMMOTH
“Astonishing … a sheer joy.”
CHRISTOS TSIOLKAS
“Brilliant, hilarious and curiously moving.”
ELIZABETH GILBERT
CHRIS FLYNN

‘I simply love
this story.’
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‘Extraordinary.’
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‘Very funny and always
deeply humane.’
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‘Totally unique.’
Favel Parrett

‘An absolute joy.’
Emily Bitto

‘A gem of a book.’
Meg Keneally

**A book that will change
how you understand
the world.**

OUT MAY 2020

UQP

SMOOTH MOVES

THEY SAY IT'S BETTER TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE, BUT THOSE WHO MAKE THE EFFORT TO GIVE, OFTEN RECEIVE.

BUYING lingerie for a lover can be a minefield. Too small and she'll be embarrassed. Too big and you'll be in the doghouse for a week.

When buying for a new lover, follow these basic tips and you'll stay in the good books.

- Never buy lingerie for a woman you haven't seen naked. On your first shopping trip, buy what you know she wears. If you've never seen her in a G-string, pick a sexy brief.
- Choose something you think she would actually want to wear. Don't be directed by your own fantasies for your first gift. The idea is that you make her feel desirable, so she will want to wear it for you and keep the lights on.
- Lingerie is a great way to guarantee foreplay. If she feels comfortable in what you bought her, it usually brings out the exhibitionist in the wearer.
- Check out lingerie that can be worn comfortably and incognito under clothing. Choose pieces like this, and she might surprise you in unexpected places. After-work drinks might get heated when she shows you a slip of lace.
- Avoid bulky and costumey outfits—save them for the bedroom.
- If you get it right the first time, you can open dialogue about what type of lingerie she likes to wear and discuss what type of looks you would love to see her in.
- When in doubt, a gift certificate is always the best bet.

For more, go to Penthouse.com

60
SWITCH
ALPHA
SWITCH

GO HARD OR GO HOME

FITTER, BETTER, STRONGER: HARNESSING NATURE TO BOOST YOUR TEST LEVELS

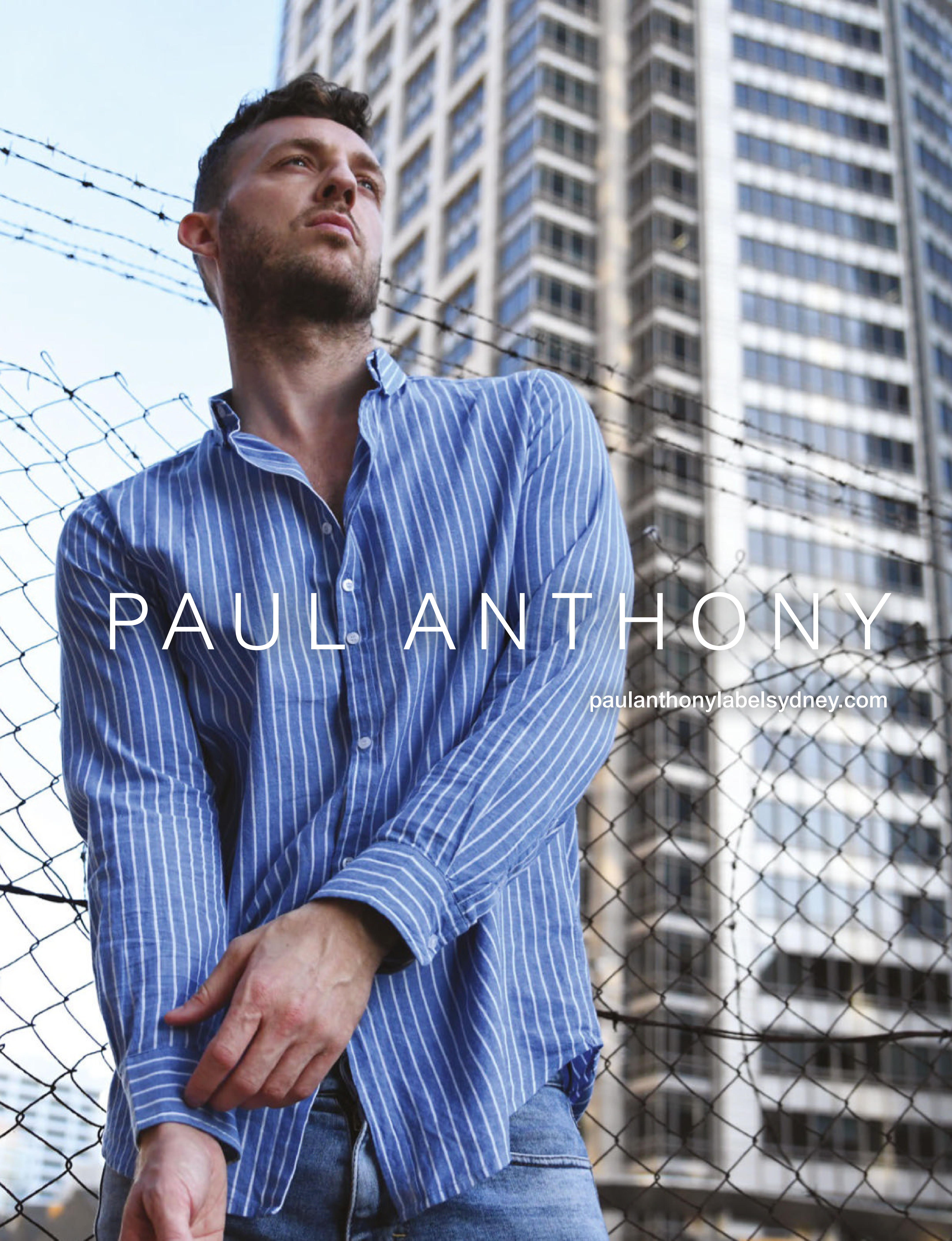
FROM protein powders and fat-burning potions to alternatives for that magical blue pill or other ways to improve your libido, the buzzwords are popping up left, right and center. But have you discovered how to hit two birds with one stone?

After the age of 30, most men experience a gradual decline in testosterone, making it harder to build muscle and generate energy and, most disturbingly, we start to take a hit to our libido, which can result in issues like erectile dysfunction. If you're looking to turn back the effects of time, testosterone boosters are your best bet to reclaim some of that inner-man essence.

Now that more and more people actually care about what they're putting into their systems, millions of dollars are being poured into researching natural ingredients that can improve your performance in the bedroom.

The best thing: These natural boosters can replace anything synthetic. Yes, the old trusted favorites will get you up and do the job, but natural products can be potent long-term solutions and more permanent options with benefits beyond defying gravity.

BENEFITS:
BOOSTED LIBIDO / INCREASED NITRIC OXIDE, WHICH STIMULATES YOUR BLOOD FLOW / ENHANCED MUSCLE RECOVERY / ELEVATED MOOD



PAUL ANTHONY
paulanthonylabelsydney.com

CREDIT: BLOOMBERG / GETTY

ON THE RUN WITH JOHN MCAFEE

WE TALK WITH ECCENTRIC MILLIONAIRE, CYBERSECURITY EXPERT AND PERSONA NON GRATA JOHN MCAFEE ABOUT CONSPIRACIES, TAX EVASION AND THAT INFAMOUS RUSSIAN ROULETTE STORY

BY SEAN BRUCE

WHEN our Skype call connects, I see John McAfee sitting in a soundproofed room. He's been a fugitive, on the run from the American government, for nearly a year. But he hasn't let that diminish his spirit. McAfee, 74, is in great shape for his age, and his energy levels are those of a much younger man.

During our interview, I learn other people are in the room, sitting off-camera. They're his wife, Janice McAfee, and Amy Emshwiller—one of his girlfriends, a former sex worker from Belize, who has admitted to attempting to kill McAfee, more than once. They must have patched things up, because following the tech millionaire around the world as he eludes the long arm of the U.S. government is no small commitment.

Since leaving American soil in 2019, McAfee's been forced to flee the Bahamas, Cuba and the Dominican Republic—where he says the jails are not nearly as good as Mexican jails, which he tells me he loves—all before his boat was confiscated and authorities shipped him away to sunny England. After which, he tells me, he went underground, hiding his location from even his closest friends and family.

Our conversation starts here.

Are you still on the run from the U.S. government?
Yeah, I'm still on the run.

So what's the story there?
I haven't paid taxes for 11 years. I refuse. In America, our constitution explicitly forbids it. We had no federal income taxes in America until 1913, when they imposed a 3 percent income tax to help fund World War I, as an emergency measure to be repealed after the war.

I've already paid over $50 million in taxes. I have not, I promise you, received $50 million in services.

Two years ago, though, I started talking on international stages. London, Bucharest, Hong Kong, Malta—all over—telling people, "If you don't want to pay taxes, here's how you do it. You'd use privacy cryptocurrency and distributed exchanges, decentralized exchanges." And nobody, no one, not in any government will ever know anything about your finances, providing you buy everything with crypto and you get paid in crypto.

That's when the U.S. government decided I'd gone too far. They charged both my wife and I, in January of last year, 2019, with tax fraud.

We've been underground since July 17th of last year. That's almost a year now. We've been gone a mighty long time.

Happy underground anniversary. Being on the run has put an end to your presidential ambitions, but given what you learned on the campaign trail, what advice would you give to the Donald Trump and Joe Biden campaigns for this year's election?
Presidents are pretty much powerless to do what they want. Look at what happens even when [Barack] Obama, through a lot of hard work, four years of his time, tried to create Obamacare. We all knew it would be dismantled, and it was.

Nothing can change in America without the deep state changing it. But no one's running the deep state. It's a disparate bunch of government departments with people who've been there for 50 fucking years. Here's the problem in America. Trump's probably going, "Fuck it. Why did I waste my time?"

And besides, I would also advise, if you really want to do something for the good of America, simply let Biden win, because I actually think an America where the president wakes up every day and goes, "Who am I, sweetheart?"

"Oh, you're Joe Biden. You're the president."

"The president? Of what, sweetheart?"

"Of America."

"Oh, really?"

I think that would be far better. How much damage can that motherfucker do? I'm serious.

You're renowned on social media for having some of the most interesting hot takes regarding conspiracies and current affairs. Let's run through a few major news stories, and you tell me what you think. First, Jeffrey Epstein...
There's obviously a fucking conspiracy there. If you define conspiracy as more than a few people wanting him dead and managing to make it happen.

Good God almighty, everybody knows that he was strangled by his cellmate, Nicholas Tartaglione.

And so, we know it goes as high as the warden. Beyond that, I mean even me, John McAfee, cannot go higher than that. And I wish I could.

What about 5G technology? There's a lot of conspiracy talk around that.
I'm not a doctor, but it is microwave radiation, you have to admit. Put something in the microwave oven and turn it on and see what happens to it. That's 5G, people. Now, admittedly, it's a much, much, much lower power. However, it's for the rest of your fucking life. Not just for two minutes at a super high power, it's maybe 50 fucking years at a very low power. Nobody knows what that's going to do. I don't know what it's going to do.

I do know this: It's going to locate your sorry ass within 10 inches or locate your phone within 10 inches. You're not going to escape anybody with 5G.

What about pedophile rings operating out of Washington, D.C., pizza stores? Sounds crazy, but does it hold any water?
Hang on. You're talking to a man who's already in hiding from the IRS and their long fucking arm. You want me to piss off some super powerful people? I have no intention of doing so. Next question, my friend.

What about vaccines and Bill Gates? Because Gates gets a lot of hate these days, but he seems like an all right guy.
I've only met Bill one time, and that was 1985. And in all of my existence of 74 fucking years, I've never met a more boring individual. To the point that if you said, "Mr. McAfee, you have the choice of having dinner with Bill Gates or driving this 10-penny nail through your foot." I'd say, "Give me the goddamn nail and hammer."

Now Bill Gates, it's pretty well known and it's probably a true fact that he founded and ran one of the largest computer and software companies on the face of the planet. From my own experiences running businesses, the only way you can survive is through deception and disinformation as far as what your plans are for the future.

No conversation with John McAfee would be complete without talking a bit about computer viruses. How do you think the culture around viruses has changed over the years?
We don't really have viruses. Number one, you can't make any money. I mean, there are

programs that lock down your computer and demand money. Ransomware, that's a virus. But beyond that, there's no money in it. No, the entire world of hacking has changed from writing damaging code to designing damaging social engineering paradigms.

What do you mean by "social engineering paradigms?"

Let me give an example. One of my best friends, well-known, I don't know if I can say his name, but he hires himself and his team out to corporations and government agencies to stress-test their systems.

Some years ago, he was hired by America's largest electricity provider on the eastern seaboard.

In any case, obviously it's in America's political interest that people don't fuck with electricity providers. So they were hired to try to break into their master control.

First thing he did, he drove around, hired a helicopter, took a look at the terrain. Drove around access roads, dirt roads, whatever, and then he picked a hill about a quarter of a mile from the main gate of the compound, got himself some people, telescopes and cameras, and things necessary for actually taking a photo of the entry gates with absolute clarity from a quarter of a mile.

After a month, he noticed something. He knows that every Thursday, about 50 trucks come through. Old, some of them beat up with lawnmowers and trimming gear, electric sheers and all sorts of shit in the truck beds. And he noticed one thing: Only the first truck would send their paperwork to the guards. And the paperwork, it actually had the number of trucks on it, and so on and so forth. But there were sometimes 50. The guard, after taking the paperwork, ignored the trucks.

My friend went out and bought a beat-up truck, got a bunch of used lawnmowers and uniforms that matched, because they all had these same shabby uniforms.

About a mile away, the convoy had to come around the curve, and there was an adjacent road that intersected with the main road. So he parked there, waited until about 15 trucks came by and bullied his way in. He gets through the gate, parks where everybody else is parked, and all the people are looking at him, but half of them are illegal Mexicans and, listen, nobody wants to get involved. OK. They went about their business.

They take off their coats, and underneath they've got three-piece suits, ties, the whole thing. In his hand is a letter that has on it, "Audit Authorization Letter on General Miller."

So why did he choose the audit? Because the audit authorization letter is one of the tried and true social engineering tools. Why? You present it, the last thing in their mind is, "Are you real?" The first thing in their mind is, "Good God, did I install the latest version I was supposed to install?" Everybody's panicked, fucking panicked.

So now at the bottom, they had the general's signature and two phone numbers to call, just in case. He had operators standing by on these numbers, very professional. And had they called, they would have said, "Yes, General Miller demands that you give full cooperation." But they never even bothered to call. The security saw the letter, and from then on, my friend and his team were gods.

So, they went to the manager's office and announced themselves, "I have an authorization letter." And then said, "And please, we want no one watching what we're doing, and we want access to everything."

"YOU'RE TALKING TO A MAN WHO'S ALREADY IN HIDING FROM THE IRS AND THEIR LONG FUCKING ARM. YOU WANT ME TO PISS OFF SOME SUPER POWERFUL PEOPLE? I HAVE NO INTENTION OF DOING SO. NEXT QUESTION, MY FRIEND."

CREDIT: SKIDMORE / WIKIPEDIA

“I THEN TAKE THE GUN, POINT IT AT THE SAND, I GO, BOOM. SAND FLIES EVERYWHERE. ‘SEE HOW LUCKY THAT WAS?’”

And they did have access, except to the main computer.

Now, the social engineers are also the best lock pickers on the planet. They all have lock-picking gear. My friend is down on his knees, picking the lock to the main computer room, and the security guard comes around. My friend jumps up and says, “You. Here, come here.” They were wearing suits; they’re clearly management, right? “We got a call about this lock. Have you had problems with this thing?” He goes, “No, I don’t know anything about it.” He says, “It keeps getting stuck is what we hear. Open this for us.” And he goes, “No, it works fine, sir.” My friend replies, “OK, you can leave.”

They go inside, they bug-test, they take photographs to prove they got in, because no one’s going to believe this, right? Because no one can get into the most secure fucking facility on the East Coast. Nobody. Social engineers can. This is how social engineers work. Now, imagine how much more fun that is, than spending tedious hours writing some fucking computer code.

Hollywood is making a movie about the *Wired* article that covered your infamous Belize period. I know you say a lot of the story isn’t true but—

No, no, no. I didn’t say anything about that. Nothing about the *Wired* story. There’s a difference between the *Gringo* movie that was put out by my archenemy and the *Wired* piece that was done by Joshua Davis. I didn’t think there was anything untrue about that at all. But let me tell you what happened. OK, so *Wired* magazine called me and asked if I’d be willing to have one of their reporters come down and actually live with me for a couple of weeks to write up a big story. I said, “Well, this ought to be fun. Yes. Sure.” And I gave Josh Davis an entire week. I mean, wow, did they send the wrong dude. I mean, he was so out of his fucking comfort zone.

On the second day, for example, I said, “OK, well, I’ve got to put up with this motherfucking guy.” And the big thing about this story, which everybody talks about, is the gun incident, the Russian roulette.

First of all, sleight of hand and magic for kids and things, I enjoy doing that. I’ve been doing it for 55 years. Here’s what I did: I took a bullet and fired it so that the firing cap had detonated already. I then take the bullet itself, put it in the shell so it was just like a real bullet, with the exception if you’re looking closely, you can see the indentation in the cap. We were sitting at the dining room table in my San Pedro beach house. We were just talking and shit, and while we’re talking, I pull my gun out. He’d never even seen a handgun before.

I open it, and I’m still talking, and I’m saying, “Yes. The difficult thing in the jungle,” and I’m emptying the shells on the table. And he’s looking. “The difficult thing was trying to get all of the people together to actually do the work, and they’re so lazy out there.” And I take one of the bullets, I put it back in the gun, it’s the one that’s already been fired, there’s no powder in it. It cannot fire. I spin it and close it, and while I’m still talking, I go, “And the other thing, in Orange Walk, the mayor...” *Click.*

So, now he jumps up, knocking his chair over, and he’s going crazy. And I go, “What’s the matter?” And so I spun it again, and I went click. Now he’s panicked. He involuntarily jumps back against the wall, he says, “What are you doing?” I go, “Nothing.”

“You don’t have to do this. You don’t have to do this,” he says.

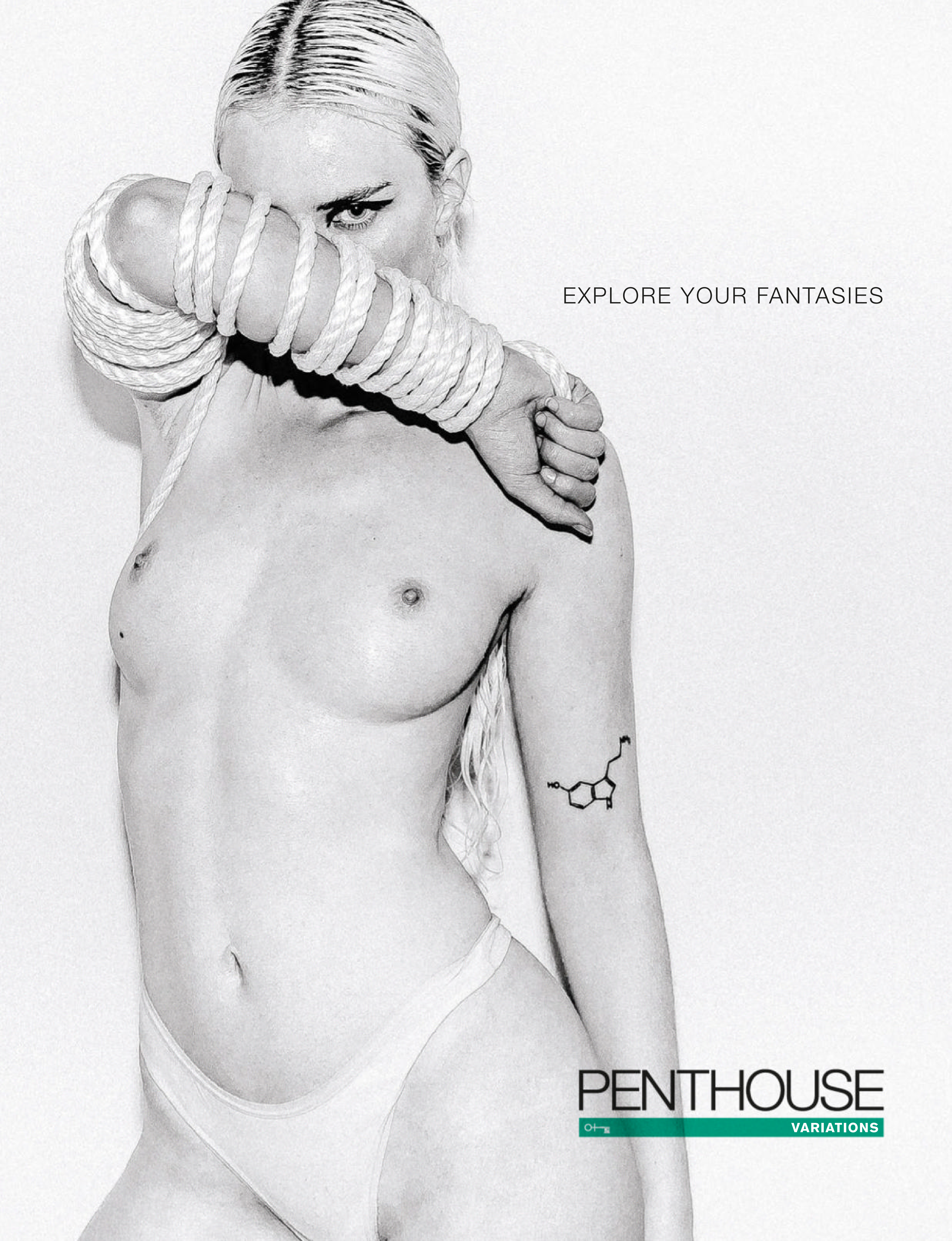
So finally, I just spun it, and I went: click, click, click. By now, he’s totally freaking out. He’s looking around. “Is there help? Somebody help, I don’t know what’s going to happen. He’s going to shoot me.” So then I said, “Calm down, calm down, calm down. Let me show you something.” And in the meantime, since he’s panicked, he’s paying no goddamn attention. I’ve taken out the dud and put in a live shell while he’s not watching, one of my sleight of hand things. So, “It’s OK. It’s OK. It’s OK. Josh, it’s OK. Come with me outside. It’s OK. I’ll stop. I’ll stop.”

I then take the gun, point it at the sand, I go, boom. Sand flies everywhere. “See how lucky that was?”

Now, he was too stupid to figure out, “Goddamn, that was a clever trick.” Because most people they go, “How did you do that?” But not him. No. So he makes this the central point of the whole fucking story about how crazy John is.

I fucked with him the entire time he was with me to the point that when he left, he was just a pool of jelly. He did not know what was up, down, left or fucking right. Why? He’s the media, my son. Had he been remotely honest with me or himself, we might’ve had some fun, but no. OK. So let me show you what happens when you waste my fucking time. ■

CRDEIT: ISH ENTERTAINMENT


EXPLORE YOUR FANTASIES
PENTHOUSE
VARIATIONS

ROOM WITH A VIEW

KENZIE ANNE

SELF-ISOLATION during the coronavirus pandemic might have had us clawing at the walls to leave the house. Yet somehow, this shoot featuring Kenzie Anne has given us a new appreciation for the great indoors. Shot by Cameron Davis at an infamous house in Pacific Palisades, Calif., known for being a hub where actors and actresses such as the iconic Marilyn Monroe used to rehearse and hang out, this 27-year-old brings a bold, modern edge.

How did you get into modeling?
When I was 19, I was working as a hairdresser at a salon in California when an agent scouted me for some commercial modeling. While agencies spent time encouraging a youthful, commercial look for me, I was always pushing the boundaries with sexy and edgier looks that my agents were never a fan of. Now that I represent myself, I'm so grateful to be in contact with brands like *Penthouse* that emphasize the freedom of a woman's sensual side.

What do you enjoy about erotic photography?
While I love fashion, when it comes to shooting, I feel my sexiest when I'm naked. Fashion always feels like I have someone else's body or expression on. Whoever designed the clothing wants you to feel a certain way when you have it on, and while I can appreciate the art in it, it's not my art. I've always done this thing called air bathing, where you spend time either in your house or in nature nude. It feels like how we are supposed to live.

Tell us your most memorable or wildest photo shoot moments?
I shot at Convict Lake in Tahoe for a makeup company, and there was a scene where two other girls and I ran into the lake and swam around. The water was so crisp and clear, and the air was so clean and fresh. It felt so authentic, even around new friends, and it was also captured beautifully.

Tell us about your shoot for *Penthouse* with Cameron Davis.
We shot at a gorgeous house in Pacific Palisades. It was a house where actors spent time rehearsing and taking lessons, Marilyn Monroe being one of them. Cameron Davis has an incredibly artistic eye when it comes to the female body. While I love to move around in front of the camera, he has a talent for capturing the right frames. We had some cloud coverage that day, but Cameron managed to make the images come to life without the viewer ever guessing we had light challenges.

What's something about you that we might not expect?
I did very well in school and achieved a degree in Natural Science, making the dean's list every semester. I keep my science books on my library shelf in my house to remind myself how capable I am of any goal I set my energy toward. I'm also a huge bookworm to this day.

What do you do when not working?
I love being outside with a book or working out. Pilates and pole dancing are my favorite form of exercise, but you can't beat a walk with my lovely dog, Lola.

What's something you'd love to do but haven't yet?
I have a lot of traveling I'd like to partake in. I really need to get myself on some islands and swim in more oceans.

If we were to buy you a drink, what would we order for you?
Give me a shot of Clase Azul tequila!

Where can we see more of you?
Look me up on OnlyFans! I post daily on misskenzieanne.com, and I have Twitter, Instagram, YouTube and Snapchat under @misskenzieanne.

PHOTOGRAPHER: **Cameron Davis**

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EMBRACE THE SUCK

JUSTICE FOR VANESSA GUILLÉN? A MOVEMENT IS BORN

A YOUNG SOLDIER WAS MURDERED IN APRIL FOR SIMPLY TRYING TO DO HER JOB AND SERVE HER COUNTRY. HER LIFE AND MEMORY ARE NOW SPURRING PUSHES FOR HARD CHANGE IN THE MILITARY. **BY MATT GALLAGHER**

ON April 22, 2020, midday on the sprawling Texas base of Fort Hood, a 20-year-old U.S. Army soldier named Vanessa Guillén went missing. While junior soldiers going AWOL is hardly unheard of at Fort Hood, or any other military base, that tends to happen before or after long weekends, not during Wednesday lunches. Further confusing the situation, Guillén's military ID card, credit card and keys were found inside the 3rd Cavalry Regiment (3CR) armory, where she worked as a small arms mechanic and spent much of her workdays. Whatever this was, it wasn't normal.

Guillén's body wouldn't be found until June 30, more than two months later, when day laborers working near the Leon River came across partial human remains (later confirmed to be Guillén) encased in cement and subsequently notified the police and military. Her suspected murderer—a fellow soldier based at Fort Hood named Aaron David Robinson—would kill himself with a gun that night in nearby Killeen, Texas, when spotted and approached by law enforcement.

A brutal, ugly tale made so much uglier by what did—and what didn't—happen between April 22 and June 30.

Military CID (criminal investigation department) identified Robinson as a "party of concern" as early as April 28, according to *The Washington Post*, but never alerted officers in 3CR—who could have put Robinson on watch duty, thus keeping constant tabs on him as the investigation played out. This was just one sign of a lack of urgency and/or bureaucratic incompetence. Guillén's family shared with investigators her claims of being harassed by Robinson and her plans to report him for sexual harassment, despite initial concerns about not being believed by her unit command.

Further, it took until April 28, nearly a week after Guillén disappeared, for CID to even interview Robinson, whose peculiar

JUSTICE for Vanessa GUILLEN
#IA
FOR VANESSA
GUILLEN
U.S.

CREDIT: CHIP SOMODEVILLA/ IGETTY

Vanessa
SHE FOUGHT FOR US NOW WE FIGHT FOR HER #Justice4Vanessa
NI UNA MAS
SHE PROTECTE US. WHO WILL PROTECT HER
THE ARMY
#JusticeForVanessaGuillen
JUSTICE FOR VANESSA!
MVANESSAGUILLEN #MMIW
NO MORE STOLEN SISTERS #MMIW
GUILLEN

interest in Guillén was hardly unknown to 3CR commanders and soldiers. In more damning evidence of delay, it took CID until May 18 to interview two soldiers who saw Robinson struggling with a large supply box outside of the armory on April 22—it would later be alleged that's how he smuggled out Guillén's body to a car after killing her in the arms room with a hammer.

ALL THESE INEQUALITIES THAT WE'VE LIVED IN AND SEEN PROPAGATED ARE NOW BEING BROUGHT TO BEAR.

Because of the slow, quiet nature of any military investigation, it's unclear any public resolution to Guillén's disappearance would've been found by now if her family had not decided to go public themselves. In May and early June, her mother, Gloria, and sisters, Mayra and Lupe, conducted interviews with local and national media, describing Vanessa's patriotism and belief in service and begging for her safe return. This brought all kinds of pressure upon the Pentagon to find their missing soldier, pressure that wouldn't have existed had her family not made the courageous choice to speak out.

Soon thereafter, investigators obtained cell tracking data and claimed it placed Robinson along the Leon River the evening of April 26. And finally, on June 19, CID interviewed Robinson's girlfriend, Cecily Aguilar, who's accused of helping Robinson encase Guillén's remains in cement and then bury them. A few days later, authorities said she'd confessed, setting in motion the final act of murder and betrayal.

The particulars of just why the hell the investigation took as long as it did despite Robinson's seemingly evident guilt from the get-go is, itself, now under investigation. It'll be interesting to see what results from that. Also interesting, and more relevant to the purpose of this column, is a social movement that has sprung up in the wake of Specialist Guillén's disappearance and death, known as "I Am Vanessa Guillén."

Women military veterans and service members are rallying around Guillen's memory and family to draw attention to a slew of gender-related issues that continue to hamper the armed forces, specifically sexual assault. The movement began on Twitter and in op-ed pages, with veterans and writers like Ruthy Muñoz, Kayla Williams and Erin Kirk-Cuomo, among others, coming forward and speaking about their own times in uniform, serving a military that preaches taking care of all its servicemembers.

Some shards from their stories, from those lives, with the acknowledgement this is but a keyhole into the experiences of our sisters-in-arms:

"I woke up several times to male Marines over my bed and or touching me under my clothes. IN MY ROOM."

"[My] complaints were ignored by my command and mocked by male peers in intimate, excruciating detail."

"Vanessa Guillén is you, she is me, and she is every one of us who has ever served our nation and endured sexual harassment. Now that Vanessa's voice is silenced, we are her voice."

Air Force veteran and activist Pam Campos-Palma soon organized these voices, writing an open sign-on letter entitled "#JusticeForVanessaGuillen." It did not quibble. It called for a congressional investigation into her disappearance, the resignation of every person in Guillen's chain of command, as well as the temporary mass halting of military recruitment until "the systemic problems with sexual assault and sexual harassment in military culture are effectively addressed."

Now, some of those goals might read as impractical, but that's a classic negotiating move, one activists have learned in our treacherous times to utilize: getting some progress requires demanding the moon. Regardless, the movement has now reached Capitol Hill with the I Am Vanessa Guillén Bill, which would allow servicemembers to file claims of sexual harassment and assault to an independent agency, unaffiliated with their unit—a reform activists have been pushing for years.

Though still in its beginning stages, the bill has received bipartisan support and is cosponsored by Republican Markwayne Mullin and Democrat Tulsi Gabbard, a military veteran herself. And Guillén's family presented a copy of the bill to President Donald Trump in July when they met with him to remember Vanessa and discuss opportunities for real change.

In a Zoom interview, Iraq war veteran Teresa Fazio spoke with me about the fight for genuine equality within the ranks. Fazio's the author of the new memoir *Fidelis*, which chronicles her own experiences with combat, romance and gender dynamics in the Marines.

While careful not to equate her journey with what happened to Guillén, Fazio sees both the murder and the subsequent movement as "more examples of the constant back-and-forth nature of all this ... a woman graduates Ranger School, but then Specialist Guillén gets killed for just doing her job. Women finally get the opportunity to serve in the combat arms branches, then there's the Marines United scandal." (When a Facebook group devoted to sharing explicit photos and videos of female Marines was uncovered.)

Fazio sighed and paused for a few seconds before continuing: "All these inequalities that we've lived in and seen propagated are now being brought to bear. That's not nothing. That's one measure of progress. But a woman didn't have to die for this to be noticed. She was a soldier. She was one of us."

Matt Gallagher is a U.S. Army veteran and the author of three books, including the novel Empire City.

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DECEMBER PET OF THE MONTH

JUST COASTING ALONG

BLAKE BLOSSOM

PHOTOGRAPHER
JACOB RIVERA

THE concept of boarding a plane and jetting off to a sunny tropical island feels like a faraway fantasy right now—thanks to a certain pandemic. However, we hope this steamy shoot of December's Penthouse Pet, Blake Blossom, transports you to a picture-perfect paradise where the temperatures are balmy, the turquoise waters are warm and the cocktails flow freely.

How did you get into modeling?
I began modeling at the same time I started doing porn.

What do you enjoy about nude modeling?
I enjoy the creative process behind erotic photography. I love coming up with photo shoot ideas and bringing them to life.

What do you like to do when you're not working?
There's rarely a moment during the day when I don't work. I'm always coming up with creative ideas, or planning and prepping for photo shoots. When I'm not working, I do enjoy watching horror movies or cartoons, but I also like having them on as background noise while I work. I also love to listen to music and dance.

What's been your most memorable shoot?
Definitely the wildest was when I shot my first ever boy/boy/girl/girl scene.

Tell us about your shoot with Jacob for *Penthouse*.
Jacob was absolutely amazing. Even though I was nervous, he made me feel very comfortable. The wardrobe, makeup and hair all fit together with my personality, which made it a very easy and enjoyable shoot.

What's something you haven't done yet that you'd like to?
I would love to do feature dancing. I have never worked in a strip club or burlesque place, and since I have a background in dance, I would love to try it out.

If we were to buy you a drink, what would we order?
If I'm feeling fancy: a Shirley Temple.

PHOTOGRAPHER: **Jacob Rivera**
MAKEUP: **Katie Elliot**
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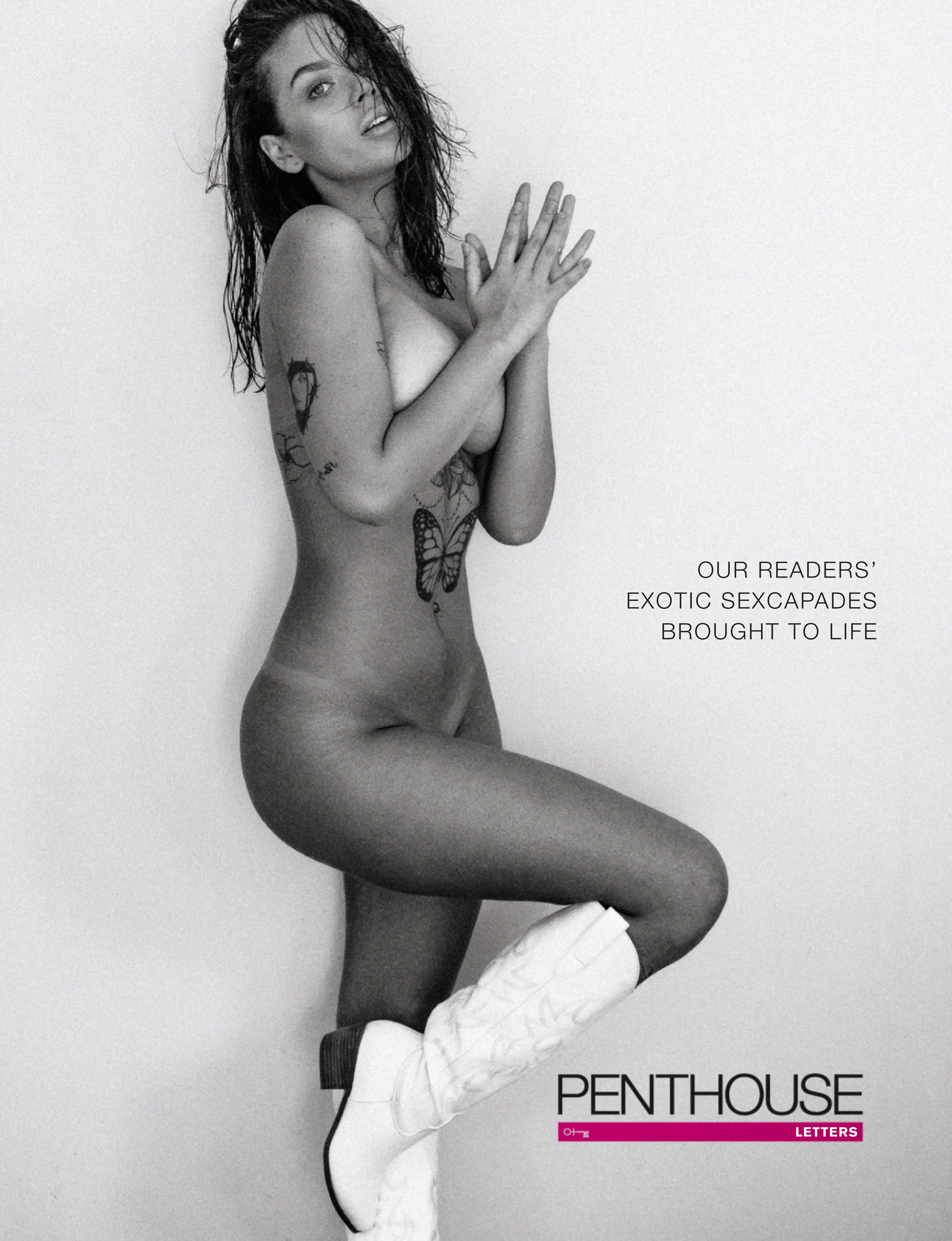
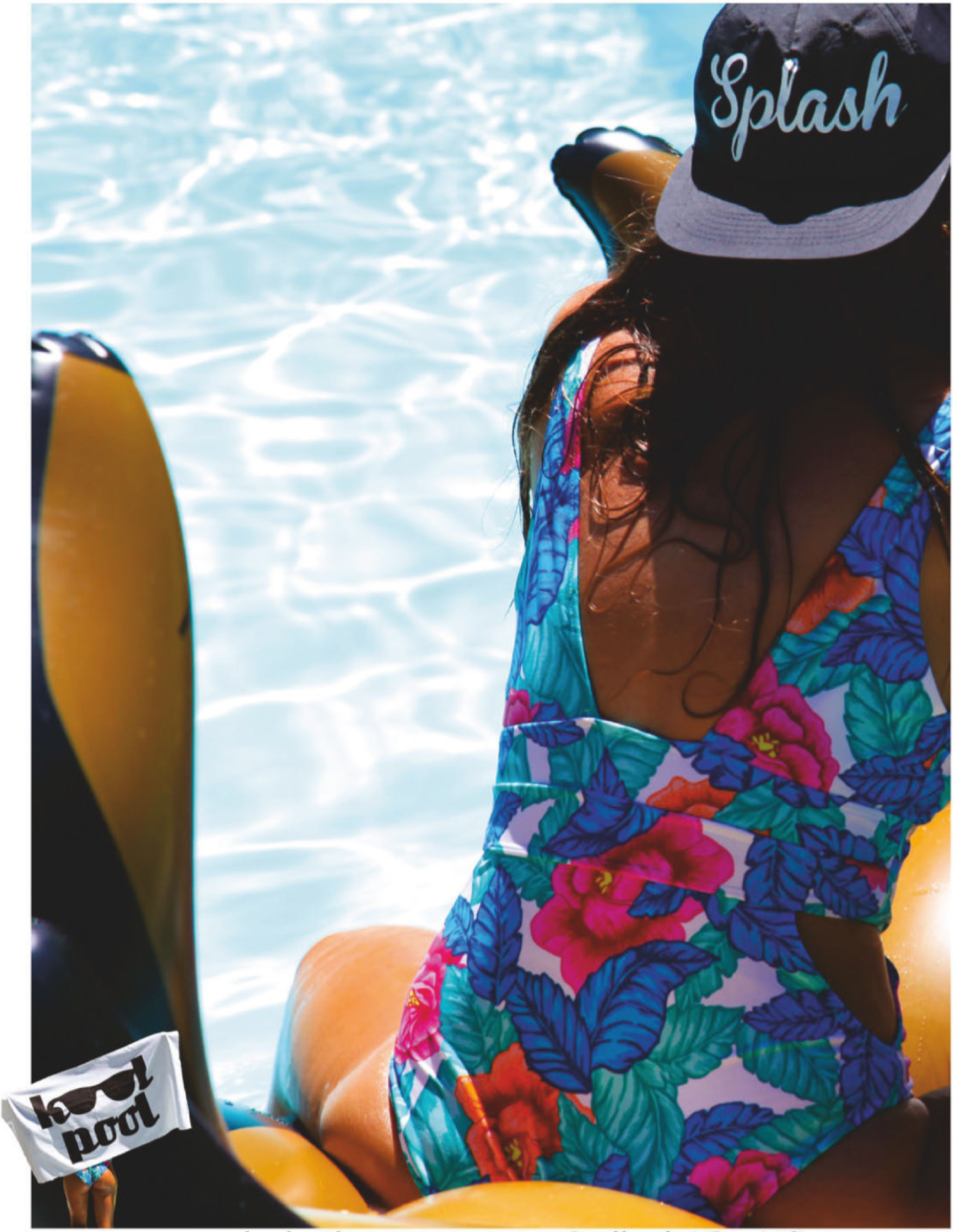


OUR READERS'
EXOTIC SEXCAPADES
BROUGHT TO LIFE

PENTHOUSE
LETTERS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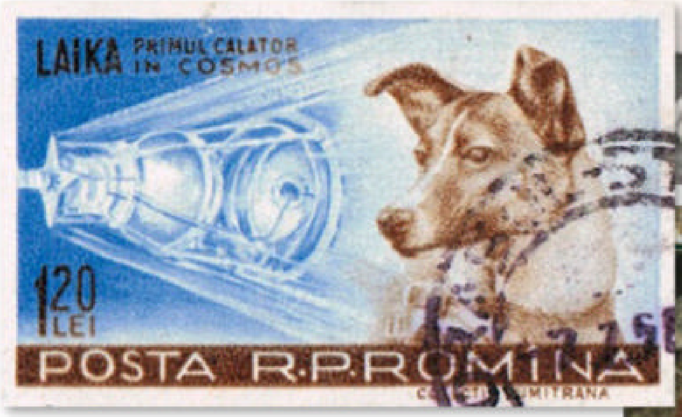
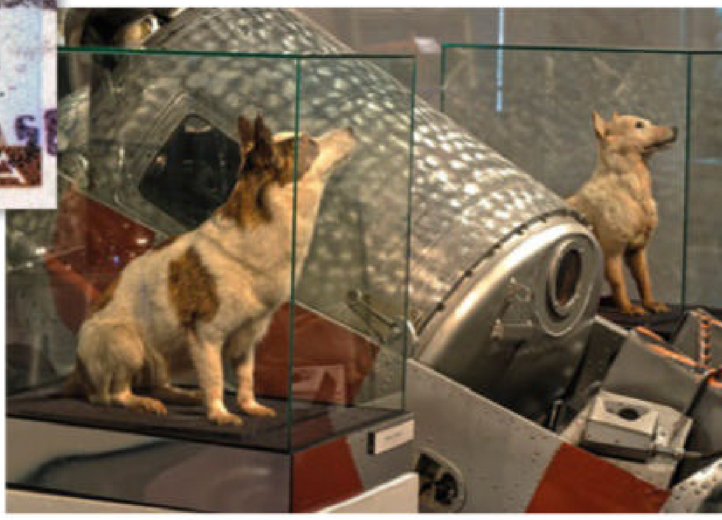
WEIRD HISTORY

Belka and Strelka: Russian Space Dogs

WE SHOULD SPEND A MOMENT TO REMEMBER THE TWO POOCHES WHO SHOT FOR THE STARS AND RETURNED TO BARK THE TALE

BY BEN POBJIE





MANY people know the story of Laika, the first dog to go into space. Sadly, Laika was also the first dog to die in space, as the Soviet space program successfully tested their hypothesis that dogs could die in space. A far more uplifting story is that of Belka and Strelka, the two dogs who followed in Laika's paw-steps, and who became the first two dogs to come back from space alive.

The idea behind bringing dogs back alive was a sound one: The USSR was hoping to send humans into space. But just like a child who must prove they can take care of a hamster before they are allowed to adopt a stray, it was necessary to demonstrate they could successfully send up and bring back a couple of dogs before they started firing people into the remorseless black void of the universe.

Traditionally, Laika has been far better-known, despite the fact that dogs who don't die are clearly superior to dogs who do.

They didn't *only* send the dogs. Belka and Strelka were accompanied on their historic flight by 42 mice, two rats, an assortment of flies, and a gray rabbit. There was a strict hierarchy of command: the mice were in charge of the flies, the rats were in charge of the mice, the rabbit was in charge of the rats, and Belka and Strelka had total authority over the rabbit. There were also a number of plants and fungi, who were given little direct responsibility.

So it was that on Aug. 19, 1960, the craft Korabl-Sputnik 2 took off with its semiprecious animal cargo. What did Belka and Strelka, whose lives up until then had involved very little more exciting than sticking their heads out a car window, think as they looked down upon the Earth receding from them? Did they even appreciate the wonder and majesty of what they saw in space? Probably not. People say they should send poets to properly express the experience of space travel; few ever say that the same goal could be accomplished by sending dogs.

Yet Belka and Strelka did achieve something incredibly significant: They proved that going into space was not an automatic death sentence for anyone foolish enough to try it, and also that man's dominion over the animal kingdom was complete and indisputable. It's extremely apt that the name "Strelka" is Russian for "little arrow," for Strelka did indeed fly like an arrow straight to the target of enhanced scientific understanding and scored a bull's-eye. It's less apt that the name "Belka" means "Squirrel," but I guess you could think up something clever to say about nuts.

The experience of Belka and Strelka led directly to the experience of Yuri Gagarin, which led directly to the experience of Neil Armstrong, which led directly to the experience of Tom Hanks in *Apollo 13*—making them possibly the most important dogs in the history of movies.

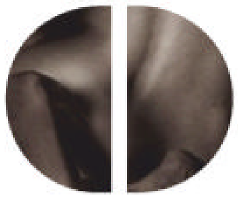
Today, you can still see Belka and Strelka at the Museum of Cosmonautics in Moscow. Not alive, of course; sadly the rumors that going into space would bring everlasting life were not true. But the pair of pioneering canines have been beautifully stuffed and mounted, and retain the essence of the personalities that drew the Soviet space program to them. Belka sits up, eager and attentive, awaiting orders, while Strelka looks around, curious and questing. Thus, the two great attributes of the perfect cosmonaut—inquisitiveness and obedience—are embodied in these adorable pooches.

It's time we gave a little more credit to Belka and Strelka. Traditionally, Laika has been far better-known, despite the fact that dogs who don't die are clearly superior to dogs who do. Today, when we look up at the stars, we should give a shout-out to the two intrepid dogs who visited them and lived to bark the tale.

CREDIT: WWW.KOSMO-MUSEUM.RU/ WIKIPEDIA

STIMULATION OF THE SENSES

EROTIC DIGITAL IMAGERY FROM THE CZECH REPUBLIC



OLGA Zavershinskaya is a Russian visual artist currently based in the Czech Republic. She creates striking, surreal, erotic images that are a combination of photography and digital manipulation. Olga combines shapes, lines and light, reimagining the female nude—but always with a memorable twist.

What's your earliest photography memory?
When I found my father's Zenit camera and took a few selfies. I was about eight or nine years old. And I had no intentions of becoming a photographer then. I just found it fun. It wasn't until 2007 that I started to take photography more seriously.

What is it about photography that you love?
Compared to other types of art, photography gives you immediate results. Processing the images is much faster than painting or making a sculpture, for example.

What draws you to create photos with an erotic twist?
Erotica is an important part of life—most of us exist because someone had sex! To reject or ignore that part of life is puppetry.

How has your photography evolved over time?
I am always learning and trying new styles. In general, I can say that my early works were more cheerful and naïve, whereas my later work is more thought-provoking, provocative and with more photo manipulation involved.

What makes a good shot for you?
Mood. How I feel is everything. Do I like my idea, how excited I am during the shoot, how easily I can communicate with my model and what I feel when I select and edit images.

What's your approach to photography?
For me, the initial idea always comes before I find the model, and only after I get a really clear, perfect image in my head of what I want to achieve. From there, I start searching for how and with whom I can bring the idea to life.

Are your shoots ever collaborative with models?
I always go with my idea first. I put together sketches before we start working together. However, I'm often inspired by my models during shooting, and we usually end up trying things that weren't planned.

What's involved in the post-production of your images? Do you do that yourself or outsource?
I always edit all my images by myself, and I'm quite competent at image manipulation. There is no universal workflow; everything depends on the idea. However, if I am making a series, I try to follow a uniform style for that sequence.

Is the editing process more or less involved than shooting the original photos?
If I can do something during the shooting, I will do it, rather than edit it in later. Though I like the process of editing images as I find it kind of meditative.

Do you have a favorite photo you've ever shot?
I don't think that this kind of photo exists! There are some stages when I hate each and every photo I have ever taken, and there are other stages where I think, "Oh my God, I'm a genius!" Ha!

What inspires you as a photographer?
The world around me. Everything I see and feel. All my visual experiences.

What's been your most memorable shoot?
Probably when I was shooting with a puma in the street. Someone called the police because the mountain lion was scaring the local dogs!

What gear do you shoot with?
Nikon D800E and Fujifilm GFX 50s.

Does social media hinder or help photographers and models?
Both. On one hand, social media devalues our work, but on the other hand, it gives us an opportunity to reach nearly any model and photographer in the world.

Do you think it's more important to have talent or contacts in the art world?
Contacts. With social media, now you can see how many talented people are in the world. There will be always someone much more talented than you, so contacts can give an advantage.

If you could shoot anywhere and with anyone, what would that look like?
It would have to be something crazy! There are so many ideas in my head right now that I can't select one, but the first that came into my mind was to combine ballet dancers and wild animals, like bears or lions or elephants, in an underwater shoot. That would be epic.

What's the last idea you had that made you think it would make an excellent photo?
I just got back from my winter trip where I shot with a model on the ice of Lake Baikal in Russia. Unfortunately, it was too cold for nudes, though some yoga with a huge ice wall in the background would make a great photo.

What advice would you give yourself now if you were just starting out as a photographer again?
Keep calm and don't be afraid to do what you like. Don't be afraid of critics.

Tell us something about you that we might be surprised by.
My occupation is not related to photography at all. I'm actually an engineer.

WEBSITE: **Armene.com**
INSTAGRAM: **@olgazavershinskaya**

EROTIC FICTION

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EROTIC FICTION

LETTER OF THE MONTH

THE BEST LETTER FROM EVERTHING SENT TO PENTHOUSE FORUM

BEING NEIGHBORLY

MY wife, Jill, and I have lived next door to Hank and Rebecca for about six years. During that time, what started as a friendship blossomed into something bigger and better. They were always the type of people we could go to for a cup of sugar in a pinch, and eventually, we started to lean on one another in additional ways.

In truth, we operate more as a unit than as acquaintances. Two nights a week, we take turns cooking dinner for one another. One of those nights we host them at our place, and for the other, they welcome us at theirs. Then at the end of the meal, we indulge in something sinful for dessert—that is to say, we swap spouses.

On the nights that we host, after the last plate is cleared, my wife goes next door with Hank, and Rebecca stays behind with me. When they host, Jill stays behind at their place while Rebecca accompanies me home. It's a fun system we'd devised that's done wonders for our marriages and our friendship. Week after week, we explored every erogenous zone on our new partner's body, actively learning how to get them off.

Much to our joy, our bedrooms also share a wall. That makes for an exceptionally good time. We can usually hear our spouses going at it, adding fuel to the fire of our own filthy coupling.

Jill is a screamer, always has been. When Hank really gets going, my wife's staccato gasps, groans and shouts pass through that shared wall easily. The noises spur me on as I attempt to coax similar sounds out of less vocal Rebecca.

Although I've learned screams aren't always the true measure of a woman's pleasure. Rebecca isn't quite as vocal as Jill. But she certainly makes me aware of her entrance into ecstasy. While my wife's orgasms are highly auditory, Rebecca's are more physical. It starts with her hands. As she creeps closer to climaxing, her fingers flex and she fists the sheets, often twisting them between her digits as she rides the waves of her rapture.

But it didn't take me long to figure out how to turn Rebecca's physical response into an audible expression her husband could hear. You see, Rebecca loves getting fucked from behind. She often crawls onto the bed and remains on all fours, wiggling her ass in invitation.

While I loved fucking Rebecca doggy-style, lifting her into a kneeling position was transformative. I like to arrange her so her knees are hip-width apart and her hands are planted on the wall, providing stability while I enter her from behind.

Last night was no exception. The second Hank and Jill closed the door behind them, Rebecca scurried off to the bedroom.

"Come on," she called out. "I've been dying to have you inside me."

The feeling was mutual. My nights with Rebecca are a welcome release. Her playfulness never fails to arouse me.

In an instant, I felt the tingle building in my balls as my dick sprang into action. My eager member tented my pants, demanding to be set free.

"Knees on the mattress. Hands on the wall, baby," I shouted to her.

By the time, I joined Rebecca in the bedroom, the muffled sounds of Hank and Jill's fucking were evident. The slap of the headboard against the wall was a rhythmic, knocking noise.

"Let's give them a run for their money," Rebecca said. "Let Hank hear how hard you make me come."

"With pleasure."

I climbed onto the bed to join Rebecca and crawled up to kneel behind her. Rebecca loves having my hands skimming over every inch of her body, mapping her every dip and curve. For that reason, I often enjoy toying with her, getting just close enough that she can sense my presence while I make her wait for skin-on-skin contact.

That night, however, my dick couldn't wait. Like a homing device trained to pinpoint Rebecca's pussy, it immediately sought its target and smacked against her ass.

Rebecca whimpered. Even a teasing tap was enough to send her into a frenzy. She slapped her hands against the wall and groaned, "Oh God, give it to me!"

Happy to oblige, I reached over to the night table and grabbed one of the condoms I'd laid out earlier.

While I was busy fumbling with the foil packet, Rebecca continued to slap her palms against the wall.

"I want you now," she demanded, wagging her ass at me.

In between each word, the hollow thunk of the headboard hitting the wall next door sounded. It served as a strong, heavy bass line, setting the perfect beat for me to fuck my lover.

My eyes zeroed in on her jiggling cheeks. I knew that Rebecca was growing impatient, but damn did I enjoy the view. My dick twitched at the sight of every ripple that rolled over her skin as she shook her butt. While my wife boasts big, gorgeous breasts, Rebecca was small titted but carried a wide load on her back end. Her tiny waist gives way to sizable hips, creating the most delicious pear-shape I've ever seen.

Two weekly rendezvous were hardly enough. My appetite for Rebecca had become insatiable. I bent down low and took a bite of her luscious backside.

The excited squeal that fell from Rebecca's lips was almost as satisfying as the feeling of my teeth sinking into her pillowy soft ass cheek.

"More," Rebecca groaned.

My lips were already so close to her asshole, so I thought: *Why not take a taste?*

I kissed my way over the curve of Rebecca's ass, working my way down to the valley that separated her cheeks. I wiggled my way in between and used my tongue to seek out the puckered skin circling her asshole. Its glistening pink center dared me to dip the tip of my tongue inside, and I did.

"Oh, yes," she said with a sigh.

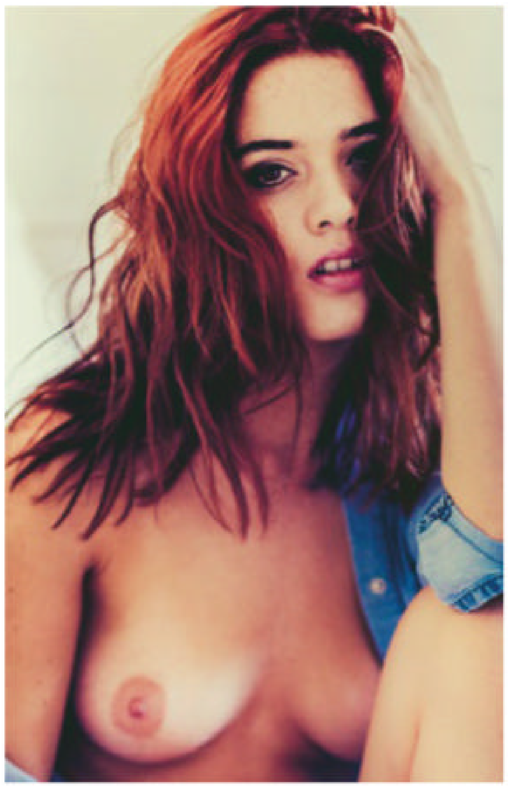
Rebecca loves when I eat her ass. It never fails to drive her wild.

The moment my tongue breached Rebecca's backdoor, she pounded her fists against the wall. Her hips rocked back, shoving her ass in my face and urging my tongue even deeper inside. I gave it a wiggle, and she squealed and jerked.

I laid one hand on her thigh to hold her steady, then I slipped the other around to her front to play with her clit.

Rebecca hit the wall so hard a nearby picture frame rattled, and I swore I could just make out an encouraging "yes" from next door.

Another brush of my thumb over Rebecca's clit caused her fingers to flex, making her manicured nails scrape against the wall. The sight and sound turned me on.



"Pleasure washed over me, dragging me under until come spurted from my cock."

She wasn't the only one who was eager to come. Goose bumps rose all over my arms and legs, while my balls grew tight in anticipation of a big release. I wanted to come while buried deep inside Rebecca's pussy, so I decided it was time to switch things up.

I rose to my knees and hooked my arm around Rebecca's waist, pulling her hard against me. My erection nestled between her thighs. She was soft and hot—the perfect remedy for my throbbing erection.

My other hand still rested near her clit. I fanned my fingers to pull apart her folds, then I slipped a single digit inside her pussy hole.

Rebecca smacked the wall and tossed her head back as she rode my finger with unbridled enthusiasm. Her pussy seemed to pulse around my digit, making my dick throb.

I sought out Rebecca's sweet spot, and when I knocked my finger against it, that girl gushed pussy juice. Then I pulled out and eased my dick into her sopping wet hole.

Rebecca's cunt was a snug fit. Her pussy walls convulsed around my shaft, massaging me thoroughly with their orgasmic spasms.

Fuck, it was hard to focus while her insides gripped my dick. I urged myself to concentrate on her pleasure first—especially since hers undoubtedly fueled my own.

My fingers on one hand were slick with her nectar, and I used them to stroke her hot little bud.

Once again, Rebecca's delicate hands pounded against the wall. Every knock coincided with another spasm inside her pussy. Her walls pulsated around me, drawing me into my own fit of ecstasy.

Unable to hold back, I let out a long, guttural groan. Pleasure washed over me in waves, dragging me under until come spurted from my cock. I filled Rebecca up with my load. Even as my vision blurred, I couldn't stop plowing her pussy.

Finally, we both stilled and ceased panting long enough to once again hear our spouses having fun next door. Rebecca shot me a saucy look when a loud wail pierced the air—a sure sign Jill had reached her peak. Rebecca stroked a finger over my semi-hard dick and said, "Time for you to make some noise."

Then she took my dick in her mouth and sucked me until I screamed.

—F.W., New York, N.Y.

Ever spiced up your bedroom with a smorgasbord of sweaty bodies? If you're a sexual adventurer who has switched on to the swinging scene, we'd like to hear from you. It's a great way to make the experience live on forever. Mail your story to Penthouse Letters, Department S, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA 91311, or email it to letters@penthouse.com.

APPROVED

PENTHOUSE FORUM

EAGER TO ESCAPE THE BORING BONDS OF MATRIMONY, A WIFE EMBRACES HER WILD SIDE

MOONLIGHTING

EMERGENCY rooms are often crazy, and during the last full moon, mine seemed even more so.

I'm a nurse, a damn good one, and me and my fellow Florence Nightingales handled that insane shift with our usual expertise. And though we're calm and collected for the most part, there's no doubt our jobs are also very stressful.

In the midst of all that work drama, I got a text from Richard, my husband of five years: "Please pick up milk on your way home."

I glared at the screen.

"What's wrong?" Nora asked. She's the nurse who'd helped train me as a new hire. We're very close.

I showed her the text and told her, "He's home right now, grading research papers. There's a corner store a block and a half away from our apartment. He can't fucking go get milk himself?"

My voice had gotten loud. It was the stress, but it was also Richard's insensitivity, which showed itself in odd ways sometimes. There was no "I love you" attached to the message, nothing to acknowledge that my day was ten times more stressful than his.

Nora patted my arm and said in a playful tone, "I keep telling you, you should come to the jamboree."

She'd been mentioning this "jamboree" for months. The shindig was a down-low event at a local bar, and every full moon they had a special night for married women—and guys other than their spouses. Unaccompanied ladies sporting wedding bands drank for free, and—to hear Nora tell it—a veritable army of handsome single men showed up, men who all had a serious thing for married women. Nora said she got treated like a queen there and also claimed she'd had her pick of hot hunks.

"If you're going tonight," I heard myself saying, "I want to go with you."

Her eyes lit with surprise. Way back when, Nora told me she hadn't set out to cheat on Harold, her hubby. But he'd been neglectful and unappreciative, and she had given in to temptation. Now she fooled around with a new guy every month, limiting her infidelities to that special night.

"You won't regret it, Becky," she said with a grin.

> **"As I lowered myself onto his rod, intense pleasure flowed through me."**

We both went back to work. I made sure I focused on what I was doing, but a remote part of me couldn't believe what I had just agreed to. I had never cheated on Richard, who—despite his lapses—was a loving, caring husband.

Yet, the selfish side of me wanted some attention. I worked hard. I deserved to be courted, and a crowd of flirtatious admirers would surely do me a lot of good. Besides, I didn't have to go home with anybody. There was nothing wrong with just checking it out, right?

However, when Nora had told me about her first jamboree experience, she'd omitted no details, which clued me in that my evening had a good chance of being less than chaste. Her story played in the background of my mind as I dealt with incoming patients on that crazy, full-moon night.

Nora had described the jamboree's venue as a typical watering hole, with a bartop, stools, tables, a dance floor and a sound system. She also gave me a play-by-play of her first night there—and what happened afterward.

When she'd first walked in the door, the place was already crowded. There were other women, but mostly it was men. Virtually every set of eyes swung toward her, assessing her and—she was certain—undressing her mentally.

The attention unnerved her a little at first. She had been dragged there by a friend, one who'd assured her she was within her rights to do something indulgent. She was a vibrant woman with needs. If her husband was going to neglect her, well, she had to look out for herself.

It was indeed true that the few ladies in attendance didn't pay for drinks. But further, Nora explained after she'd ordered her first cocktail men competed with each other for the privilege of delivering it by throwing fistfuls of tip money at the bartender.

One guy, with a hot gleam in his eye, won out and proudly passed Nora her gin and tonic, which she happily sipped. The man introduced himself as Wallace. They chatted while other guys hovered nearby—apparently ready to jump in if she showed any signs of disinterest toward her first suitor.

All the women there were being similarly treated. None of it was hostile. It wasn't a place full of creeps. But plainly the women had a special status in the eyes of these eager dudes.

Every one of them kept staring at the wedding ring on her finger, Nora had told me. If it weren't her free-drink talisman, she would have considered taking it off before going in, but at that notion her friend had also replied, "Uh-uh, Nora. A ring is like catnip to these toms."

As Nora cautiously nursed her drink, Wallace got replaced by Terry, who was later swapped out for Jamal, who in turn got edged out by Raul. Each man had his own brand of charm. Most were quite good-looking, she recalled.

She took a few spins around the dance floor. She found she enjoyed the physical contact that came with that. When she danced with a man named Virgil, she realized he was sporting a rather serious hard-on in his pants.

Rather than recoiling from it, Nora pressed against him. The feel of his erect cock thrilled her, awakening desires that had lain dormant for too long. As the dance progressed, she ground against him. His face was flushed, and lust blazed in his eyes. He wanted her badly; it was plain to see.

There was a last moment of hesitation. But then Virgil took her hand, raised it to his lips and kissed the ring on her finger.

"I sincerely hope your husband one day realizes how beautiful and worthy you are," he said.

That sealed the deal. Twenty minutes later, they were back at his place. Once she'd committed to that adventure, she went all the way. In his bedroom, Nora practically tore him out of his clothes, and she stripped just as fast.

They dove onto the bed. She grabbed his jutting cock, and he groped her breasts. She started jerking him. He slid his hand between her legs and stroked her slick slit. She was so ready to screw him.

But first she wanted to taste his prick. She boldly flipped him on his back and hunkered between his legs. Without any fanfare, she dropped her mouth onto his cock.

Virgil cried out as she sucked him right down to his balls. Her tongue slithered around his shaft, and she cradled his sac in her hand, squeezing gently to add to his pleasure.

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She almost took things too far, but Virgil exercised impressive self-control by pulling her off him. He then reciprocated the oral act, going down on her until she came all over his face.

Then they were screwing, locked together, cock to pussy. He hammered her, and she bucked and wriggled. They rolled back and forth across the bed, assuming a variety of positions. As he banged her, her orgasms slammed through her one after the other.

For Virgil, it must have been a dream come true. He fucked her like a maniac, and when he was finally on the brink of blowing his load, he cried out, "I fucking love married cunt!"

Then Nora joined him in his climax.

Her story was permanently lodged in my head. I had to admit more than once I'd cut and pasted myself into her erotic fable. Except I knew it was no fairy tale. It had really happened, and a similar incident had occurred the next time Nora had gone back.

And I knew it was absolutely possible it could happen to me that night—if I let it.

I had doubts all during the rest of our shift. But when it came time to leave the hospital, I still wanted Nora to take me to the jamboree. Richard could deal with his milk situation by himself.

When we arrived, I saw immediately that Nora hadn't exaggerated the size of the typical crowd. The place was packed, and the male/female ratio was as she'd described it.

And yes, as we entered I felt that sea of male eyes turn toward us. There was a collective hunger in those gazes. Those men wanted us—because we were married women. (But I'm sure it didn't hurt that Nora and I are both hot, too.)

The attention was like a caress. We walked to the bar and placed our orders, but again it was like Nora had said. Men literally threw cash on the bartop for the honor of being the ones who handed us our drinks. Nora's gin and tonic was presented by a muscular buck. Mine came to me from the hand of a stud with a boot-camp physique and an eager look in his eyes. I thanked him and took a demure sip, unwilling to commit to anything just yet. At that point, I was just finished with work and blowing off a little steam, which I justly deserved to do.

Nora flashed me a grin and quickly got herself whisked away to the dance floor. I watched as she traded off partners again and again. She wasn't there to run off with the first man who ogled her. Hell, she could get that kind of action anywhere. She obviously was soaking up the attention and enjoying every second of it.

I parried a few conversational feints. I wasn't rude to anyone, and surprisingly no man was pushy with me. Everyone had brought their best manners, as if charm and civility were as important there as fitness and looks.

But I could feel the general state of arousal in the place. It was, in its way, almost laughable. Why were those men all so turned on by the fact that willing married women were there? What was it about that status that so inflamed them? There were so many flushed male faces about, so many bulging crotches, that I couldn't count them all.

I retreated to what looked like the quietest corner of the bar. I found a man sitting alone at a small table. He immediately rose, stopping just short of bowing to me. He said, "Would you like this table? I can go elsewhere."

Somehow, that was just the right thing to say.

"Sit with me," I said. He didn't sit back down until I was in my seat. He had a handsome face. I guessed him to be my age. He certainly seemed to have a fine frame beneath his dressy clothes.

But his manner was different from the other guys. He had the lustful gleam in his eyes, yes, but it was more of a wistful look, as if being there were a futile endeavor. Strangely, that endeared him a little to me. He was something of a relief to be around after all the intense attention.

"I'm Becky."

"Roger." He halfway succeeded at a smile. Despite the desire in his eyes, he barely met my gaze.

"Can I ask you something?" I queried. He nodded. "What exactly is the lure of a married woman to you?"

"That's quite a question."

"I'd love an answer, though." I gave him a smile of my own.

He thought, and finally said, "It's like you're goddesses. Unreachable. Someone in this world has already committed fully to you. A married woman is a splendid creature."

I reached my hand across the table and took his. I was going to compliment him on his eloquence. Instead I heard myself say, "I want to go home with you."

My words seemed to stun him, but he didn't hesitate. Hand still in mine, he rose and led me swiftly out of the jamboree. In no time, we'd arrived at his apartment.

My heart raced, and my whole body tingled. I felt an excitement that was intense and only distantly familiar. It had been a long time since I'd felt that electrified, I realized. I couldn't lay it all on Richard. I had let myself get stuck in a rut.

But there was a way out. I wouldn't let my husband find out about my adventure. I definitely didn't want to hurt him, but I had to think of my own needs.

I turned to Roger. It was the moment of truth. I stepped up to him, leaned in and waited for him to do the same, so we could have our first kiss.

There was an instant of shivery uncertainty, then his mouth moved against mine, and I was kissing—*really* kissing—a man other than Richard for the first time in years. Roger's lips moved softly against mine. He seemed to be savoring the experience as much as me.

I wanted more of him. I unbuttoned his jacket and his shirt. Our kiss became a thing of delving tongues. Our mouths ground together as he tugged at my clothing.

In moments, we'd both stripped completely. I stepped back, catching my breath, and surveyed his glorious body. He was in fine shape. His cock stood out like a ramrod.

He looked me over with panting wonder. I wanted to touch him everywhere. I wanted to taste him—to have him. Together, we got onto his bed. I had barely noticed anything about his apartment. I knew nothing, really, about him. But Roger was going to be my lover that evening, on the night of the full moon.

We resumed kissing, and his flesh pressing against mine sent torrid thrills to every nook and cranny of my body. My spirit soared—along with my libido.

My hands roamed over his body, lingering on his muscles. He touched my breast, tentatively at first, but when I sighed with pleasure he groped me with a little more force. My nipples stood out prominently. My pussy was, of course, already slick with readiness.

He plucked my stiffened nipples. I reached down and took his cock in my grasp. We both gasped as I did so. He felt so alive in my grip; I fancied I could feel his pulse. I ran my fingers up and down his shaft, thrilled by the texture of his skin and the intense hardness of him. I explored his balls, tenderly squeezing his nutsac. He let out a happy moan.

I was considering the idea of going down on him, when he said, "Let me taste you, Becky. Please." There was such longing in his voice.

Well, what could I do? I shifted onto my back and spread my legs. He moved eagerly into position, his strong shoulders pushing my thighs even further apart. His eyes glittered as he lowered his mouth to my pussy.

I sucked air through my teeth as his tongue swiped along my slit. Pleasure bloomed within me, powerful but gentle, an unhurried building joy. He took his time, lavishing my outer lips before delving deeper.

As his tongue penetrated me, my hips rolled. He licked me more nimbly, spearing me deeper and deeper. My clit swelled, and he venerated my sensitive little bud as ecstasy rose more swiftly within me. My ass lifted off the bed as I started to hump his face.

When my climax hit me, I poured out my juices. Roger kept his mouth in place, swallowing everything I gave him. My orgasm was a hot, swirling bliss that overpowered me. I fell back limp after intense waves of pleasure wracked my body. A great tingling aftermath took hold of me as I reclined.

That was another moment of truth, I realized. Up to that point, I'd pretty much only been acted upon—I hadn't yet really acted on Roger. My wifely faith to Richard was still intact, sort of.

"Through the erotic mist, yet another brutal climax was thundering toward me."

But I was too far gone to turn back, and it would be damn rude to leave Roger hanging. Besides, I sincerely wanted to taste his cock.

With a fresh surge of excitement, I got him to reverse positions with me. He lay back, and I nestled myself between his legs. His thighs closed over my shoulders as his cock stood rampant before my face.

I put a hand softly on his balls and pointed his thick cockhead toward my mouth. With a shiver, I licked his knob. The smooth texture made perspiration stand out on my body. The milky drop of pre-come I lapped up and swallowed made me moan aloud.

My eyes rolled back into my skull as I wrapped my lips around him and began to suck my way down his shaft. The sensation was blissful. I had a stranger's cock in my mouth! A guy who was turned on because I was married to someone else.

I sucked on him relentlessly flattening my cheeks to give him some firm suction. He groaned gratifyingly. My head bobbed up and down, the rhythm increasing while my tongue danced eagerly on him and his flavor filled my mouth.

I might have him taken him all the way and even let him shoot in my mouth. But it was Roger who gently pried me away. In response, I urgently climbed up onto his body, desperate to have his cock in my pussy. It was time to truly consummate this thing. I needed to fuck.

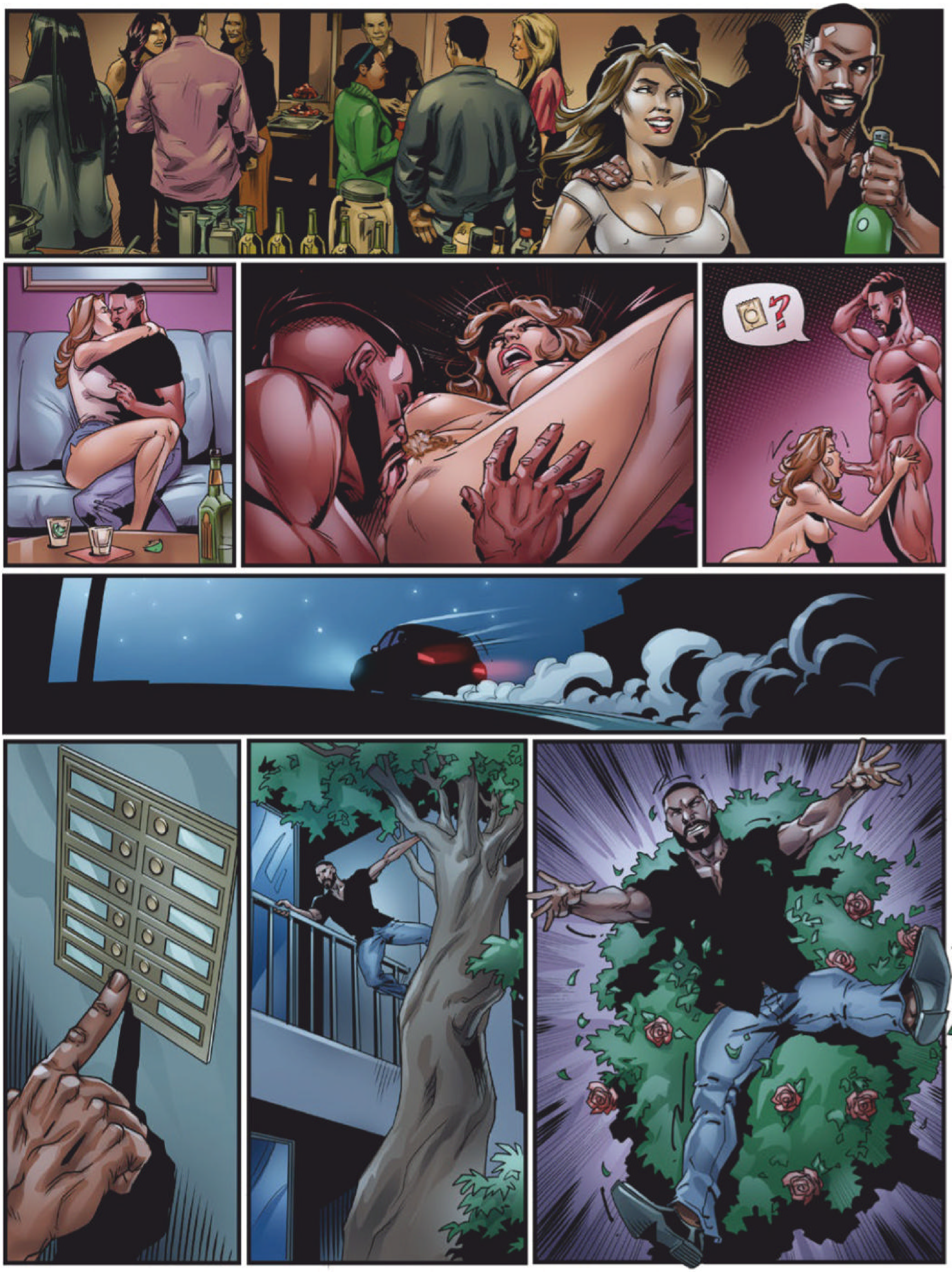
As I lowered myself onto his rod, intense pleasure flowed through me. I planted my knees and started to ride him. He groped my breasts before settling his hands on my hips. He helped to lift and drop me on him. His upward thrusts were forceful.

I raced toward my climax, outdistancing him. I came convulsively, writhing atop him. My head spun wonderfully, and everything was soft—everything except Roger's cock.

He gentled me onto my back and loomed over me. He drove himself inside me, and I took him in, welcoming and wanting. Soon he was pounding me, his thrusts intense. Our bodies smacked together, and through the erotic mist, yet another brutal climax was thundering toward me.

I met his downward motions, thrusting up my hips. He drove deep, spearing me each time, until his orgasmic shudders arrived. His jizz spurted hotly, and I howled, as if the night's full moon had indeed transformed me.

—B. Fisher



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PENTHOUSE FORUM

REJECT

THE DEPARTMENT THAT SHOWCASES THE BEST OF THE WORST LETTERS SENT TO PENTHOUSE FORUM

Dear Penthouse,

Things were finally going my way. I'd been flying solo for a month, having ditched my harpy of a girlfriend, and I was enjoying my return to the single life. So when my old booty call Belinda slid into my DMs, angling for a hookup, I was like "Hell, yeah."

Blonde, blue-eyed, and big-titted, Belinda sucked cock like nobody's business. But what I liked most was how she'd scratch her itch and hit the road—until she was hungry for more. She acted like a dude, but take it from someone who'd spent plenty of time face-first in her muff—she's all woman.

Anyhow, she must've noticed my Insta pics switched from cozy couple's shots to boozy bar nights. So she messaged me about our mutual friend's housewarming party—reminding me she'd be there. I got the hint and assured her I'd be there, too.

As soon as I saw the fire in Belinda's eyes that night, I knew we wouldn't be staying long. The crowd was pretty raucous, and no one noticed when we snagged a bottle of tequila and snuck out.

Back at Belinda's place, we downed shots on the sofa and flirted up a storm. She was wearing a short black skirt and a snug-fitting V-neck cardigan, and when I planted a kiss on her lips, my hands cupped her cans through the purple angora.

I squeezed her boobs and fingered her nipples through her sweater as she moaned into my mouth. We were both pretty drunk, but she stood and pulled me to my feet. "Bedroom," she urged breathlessly, tugging me along with her.

We tumbled onto the mattress, continuing our grope-fest. I pushed her skirt up and yanked off her thong before sliding between her legs. I tongued her soaking cunt while she squealed and squirmed. Belinda's blonde bush tickled my nose, but I didn't let it distracted me. I slipped a couple digits in her snatch and finger-fucked her while I tongued her button. She mashed her pussy against my face as she came, releasing an ear-piercing shriek. My dick was so hard it felt like it was going to burst through my jeans. I popped my button-fly, and she jammed her hand inside my pants to pull out my cock. In seconds, those pink lips were sinking down my shaft, and I worried I was going to blow my load before we even screwed.

I pushed her back and told her, "I gotta fuck you." I climbed on top of her, and my hard-on was about a millimeter away from slamming home when she screeched: "Wait!"

I reared back in shock, feeling the pounding of my heart mirrored in my throbbing cock."What? Why?"

"Do you have a condom? I'm all out."

I didn't; it never entered my head. Besides, my fave fuck-buddy usually had a well-stocked stash. But she must've been getting more action than I'd thought.

"There's a 24-hour pharmacy a few miles down the road," she told me.

Hastily fastening my pants, I said, "OK, OK. Be back as soon."

Big problem, though. I was too blotto to drive. After a few drunken stabs at my phone, I managed to summon a car on a ride-share app—but the guy took forever to show up! I finally scored some rubbers—while my ride waited outside with the car running—and he dropped me off at Belinda's building. My boner had wilted during my impromptu scavenger hunt. But by the time I was impatiently mashing her doorbell, my dick was swelling anew. As I waited for her to buzz me up, I remembered her telling me the bell didn't always work. *Great, what do I do now?* I thought.

Then I remembered the tree near her second-floor bedroom balcony. I could shimmy up there and knock on the sliding glass door. She'd let me in, and we'd pick up where we left off.

Let me tell you, climbing a tree is a lot easier when you're seven. Fast-forward 15 years and throw in a half a bottle of tequila and things get a lot more challenging. With great effort, I reached the balcony and was clinging onto the railing with my fingers, but I was struggling to get a leg up.

"Belinda!" I hissed, hoping she'd hear me. I peered through the balcony's slats to see Belinda was in bed—and out cold.

Suddenly, I heard someone behind me shout, "Hey perv—get outta here, or I'll call the cops." That's when I lost my grip and fell—landing directly on a rosebush. Bloodied and bruised but not busted, I took off and spent the night sleeping in the backseat of my car. At least one of us got off.

—B.K., San Diego, Calif.

FLASHBACK

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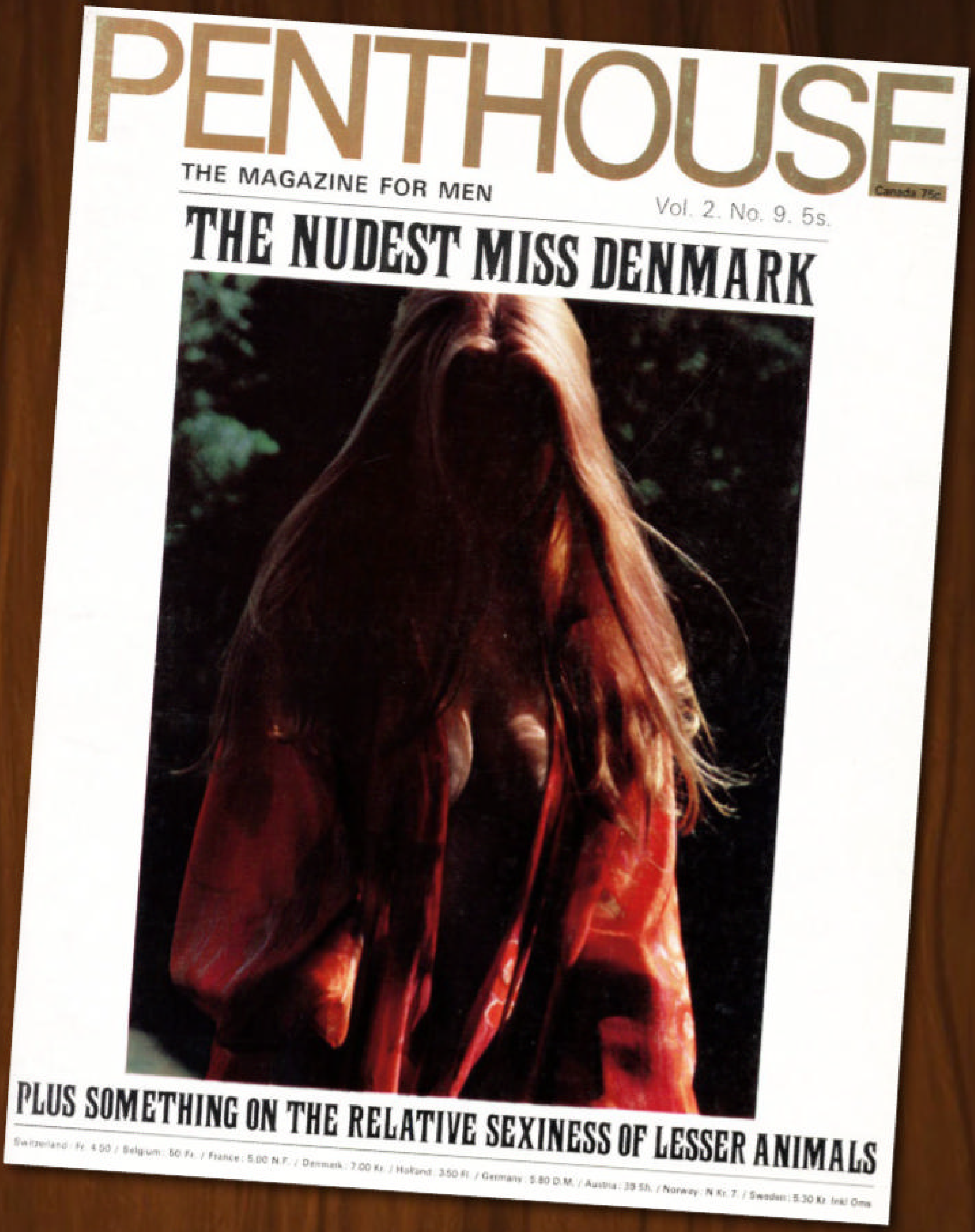

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